Saturday Review

March 29, 1969 35¢

MAHLER:
A NEW IMAGE
by Henry-Louis de La Grange

Kennedy, Khrushchev, and Cu
by Drew Pearson

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It is well to find out what time it is.

Back last fall, some of us who were sure spring would come and who love color and make a good living from it brought our spouses and children to the Sir Adam Beck power station on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls to mark November 9. On November 9, 1965, one small electrical relay in the large power plant behind the Floral Clock did the unexpected. For 50 million Americans the lights went out, and they renewed their acquaintance with the moon. In the moonlight color disappeared. Many were frightened.

But life somehow went on.

We are a technological organization willing to admit that for most people that spectacular failure of technology *wasn't so bad.*

And now spring has indeed come. May it be a colorful one and lead into a happy, colorful summer.

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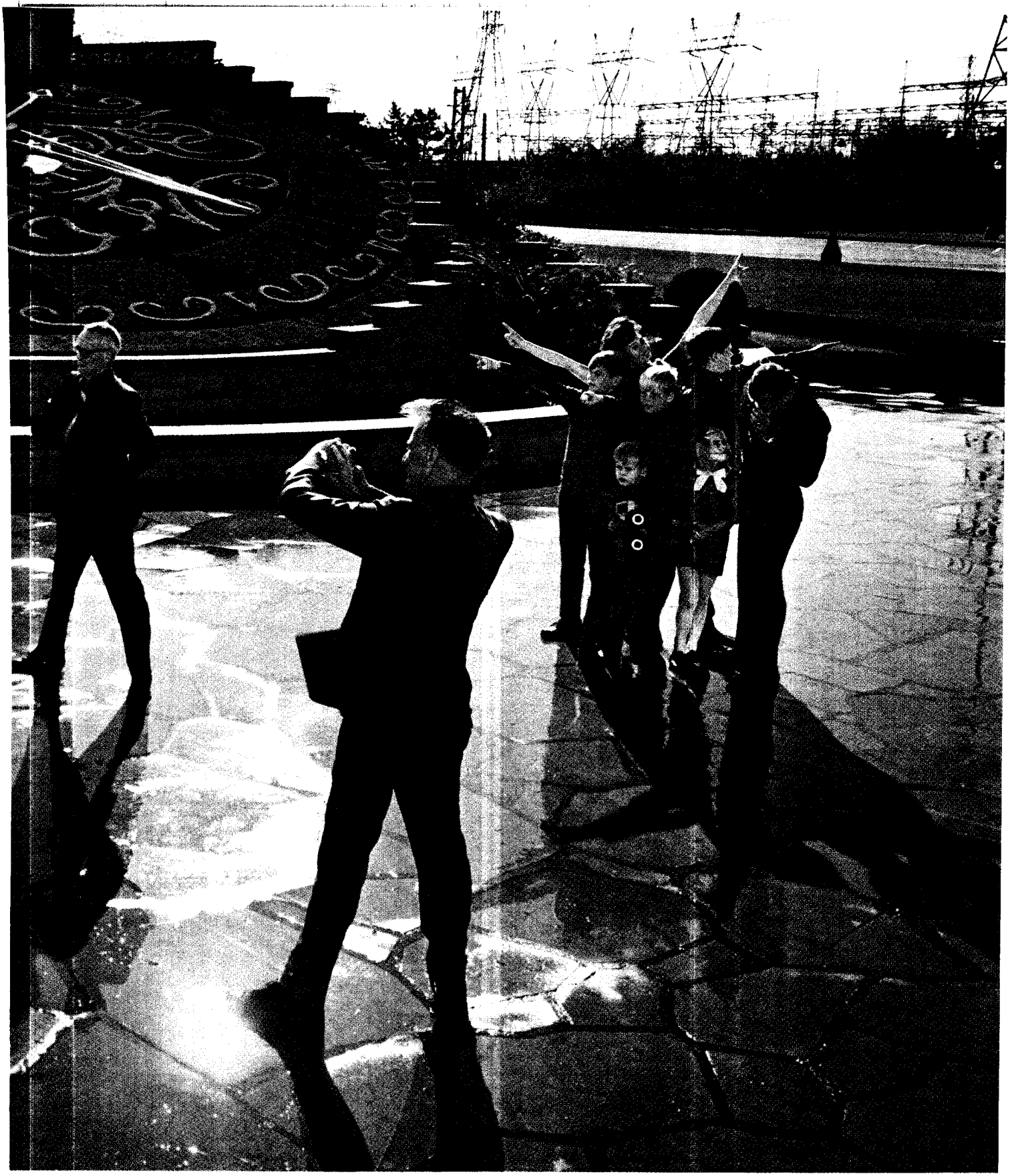

COLOR *snapshots, of course. Color slides, color movies. In the home, in the school, on TV, at the theater—color images. Ten thousand different colors chemically generated inside a quarter of a square inch of film, each in the right place. Color scientists studying how many different colors the eye can see, and how to make them happen. Color inside fibers that are spun, knit, woven, sewn into things to wear and things to live among. Color applied over fibers with complex subtlety or crazy abandon. Word about them spread on the printed page (even as we spread the word to the printers on how to reproduce colors). Ingredients for the ink. Ingredients for paint. Color in our plastics. As in the little green duck or the little red truck that teaches the infant the human secret of color sensation. As seen cutting through the night from a plastic sign over a happy café on a dark prairie.*

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Kodak

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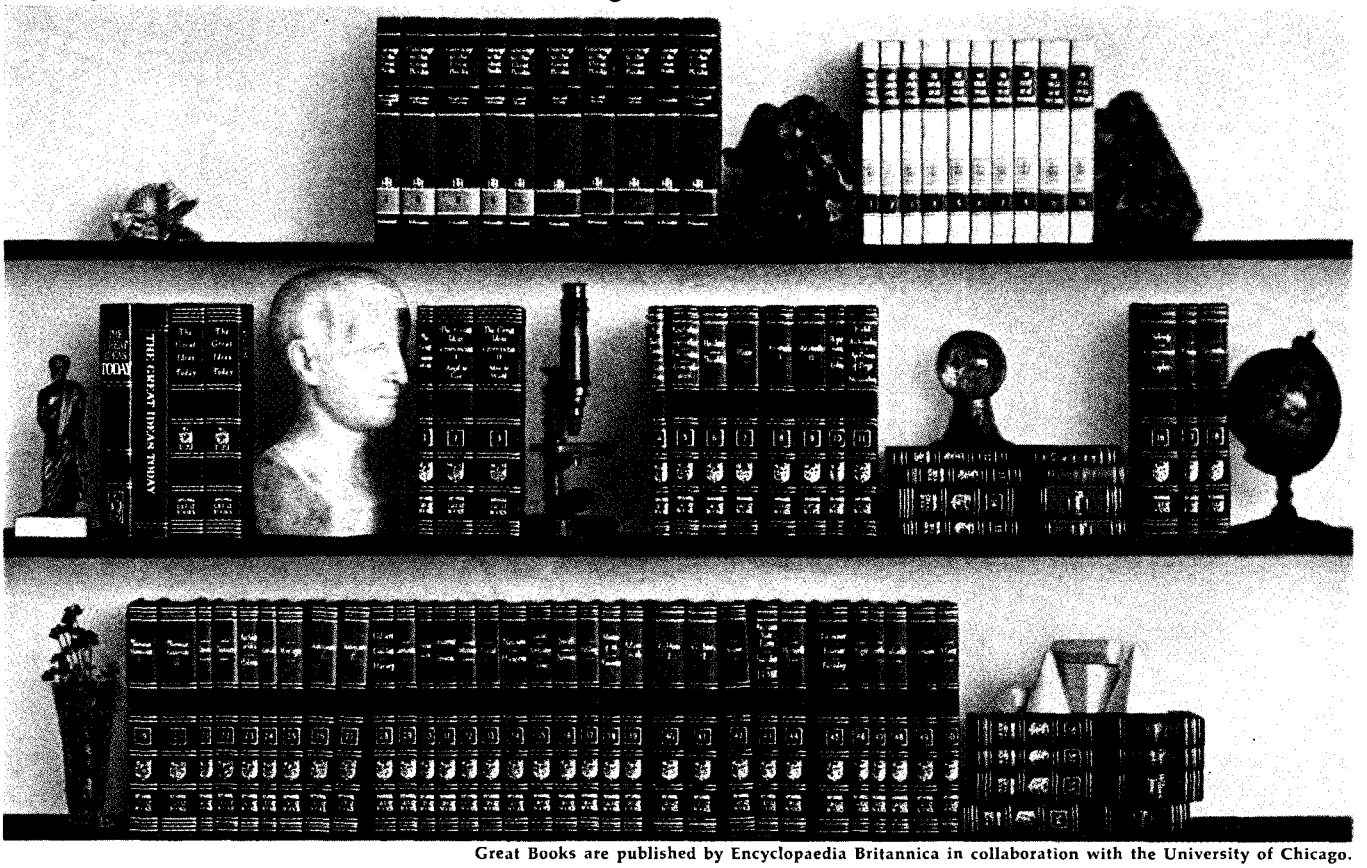

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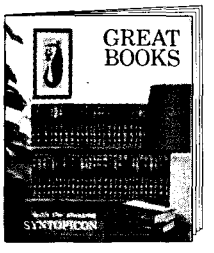

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(Advertisement)

I didn't much care who and where I came from until I was over thirty. (When you're over thirty, you don't trust yourself.) Then, thoughts of my own lineage began to occur and I became interested in the line which is the "scarlet thread of heredity." Who *were* they?

If such thoughts ever possess you, then you will be especially interested in the new novel by Arona McHugh. THE LUCK OF THE VAN MEERS is very different from her two previous novels, *A Banner With a Strange Device* (a Literary Guild selection) and *The Seacoast of Bohemia*. Barbara Bannon describes it well in the first, advance trade review in *Publishers' Weekly*:

> "This fictional history of a far-flung family of Jews begins with the journal of one of its most articulate members, Nathaniel van Meer, physician and surgeon. . . . He records in his elaborately detailed journal . . . the fortunes . . . of the clan as it fled from Portugal and Spain to establish branches in seaports from Kiev to Morocco. Nathaniel's primary interest is in tracing the prophetic powers . . . the seafaring abilities . . . and other traits, physical and mental, by which van Meers can be distinguished. . . . He is testing theories of genetics and family. . . . The reader meets engaging characters and is treated to a host of riddles, fables, parables, family jokes, and precepts for the good life. On the whole this is an absorbing and warm account of the life of the European Jew of wealth and culture during the 18th and 19th centuries. As such, it should find a receptive readership."

I predict that it will attract not only readers but followers.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Luck of the Van Meers: A Tradition ($5.95), by Arona Lipman McHugh, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located in The Fashion Center, Paramus, New Jersey 07652.

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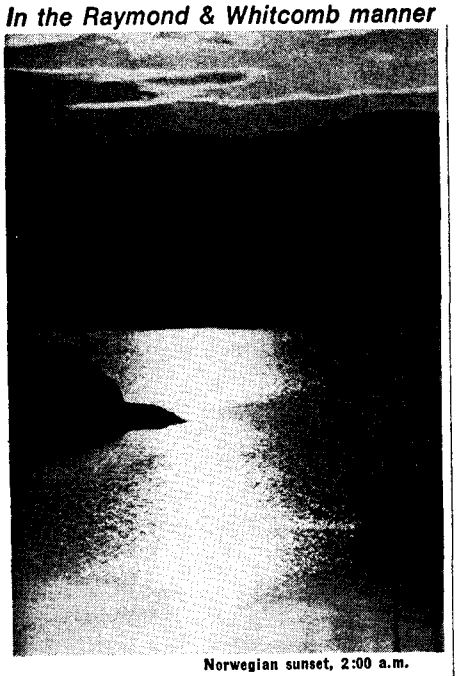
In the Raymond & Whitcomb manner



Norwegian sunset, 2:00 a.m.

SCANDINAVIAN SOJOURN
summer of 1969

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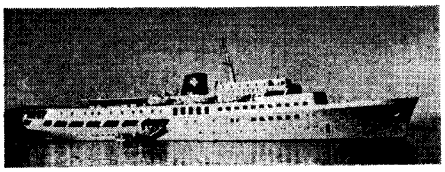

SAFETY INFORMATION: M.T.S. Argonaut, registered in Greece, meets international Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1948 and the 1966 fire safety requirements. The Argonaut holds a 1960 Safety of Life at Sea Certificate.

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Puny Express

I was busily pounding out a hot letter to the U.S. Post Office Department in Washington, D.C., complaining about the slow delivery of my mail and suggesting that the department consider delivering alphabetically, when it suddenly occurred to me heaven knows when the letter would get there.

All that stuff about "neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds" was OK back in the stagecoach days, but it says nothing about Hong Kong flu, bunions, slipped discs, ferocious dogs, or the franking privileges of Congressional mail.

When he took office, the new Postmaster General, Winton M. Blount, said that he placed top priority on quicker, better mail service. But he also said he had no quick, better solutions. I think I can help him there.

Everyone knows about the franking privilege that members of Congress enjoy. But what is not generally known is how much they enjoy it. I have some figures here which may demonstrate what has been clogging up the delivery of our mail lately.

In 1963, there were 9,300,000 pieces of franked mail sent by Congress. In 1967, the number had risen to 19,300,000 pieces. And Congress had appropriated $9,700,000 for that enjoyable privilege. Who said there was a communication gap?

We all know that the Post Office Department is not one of your best money-making propositions. I mean if it were on the Big Board I doubt there would be any great demand for any of its stock, unless you could use it as tax loss.

So Timothy J. May, the former Post Office general counsel, started looking around for some loopholes to plug some of the losses of the department. He sent a hot letter to Senator Robert P. Griffin of Michigan, which indicated that although Counsel May was in favor of keeping those letters and postcards coming in, he believed that when the Senator had franked a newsletter to his constituents that contained a picture of the Senator's wife, the Senator had over-enjoyed the franking privilege and he owed the Government $25,000, and would the Senator please remit?

Well, the Senator wrote back saying he would not only not please remit, but he submitted that the newsletter with the picture of his wife was "no more political than those sent by other Senators."

So Mr. May sent the Senator another letter, not as hot as the first letter; in fact, it was rather warm. He said he was withdrawing the department's request for the Senator to repay the Government for mailing that newsletter, and that in the future the Post Office Department would treat postal franking privileges as "a matter strictly between a member of Congress and his conscience."

With that guideline, no matter what your zip code is, you are still not going to buy any stock in a corporation like that. I keep referring to a corporation because there have been suggestions that the Post Office Department be turned over to big business and operated as a private enterprise. The new Postmaster General has taken no stand on this, but it has several advantages worth considering.

Competition being the lifeblood of business, it will soon become apparent to management that one post office corporation can not deliver all the mail to 200 million, any more than General Motors can deliver all the cars we need, or Alcoa all the aluminum we need, or Dow Chemical all the napalm we need. So there will develop several post office corporations operating competitively.

Competition thrives on advertising, an item in which our Post Office Department has been less than imaginative. Urging us to write a zip code on an envelope hasn't necessarily guaranteed expeditious delivery. The big business post offices will be vying with each other in hard-sell TV commercials. Fast delivery will be the big selling point.

"We deliver" will be an early slogan, until another company comes up with "Same day delivery" or "Guaranteed fast delivery or your stamp money back." And as competition gets hotter, there will be "Green stamps given if your envelope has a zip code." And when business drops off after the Christmas rush, "Storewide clearance on all stamps."

Sound good? It'll never happen, because Congress will have to pass on it. And when some smart-alecky corporation efficiency expert testifies that when private business takes over there will be no more franking privileges, we'll be right back to franking privileges being "a matter strictly between a member of Congress and his conscience."

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...wearing holey socks to a Tokyo teahouse.

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So don't travel abroad—or in the U.S.A.—without American Express Travelers Cheques.

You can't go wrong with American Express Travelers Cheques.

The Rescue Money.

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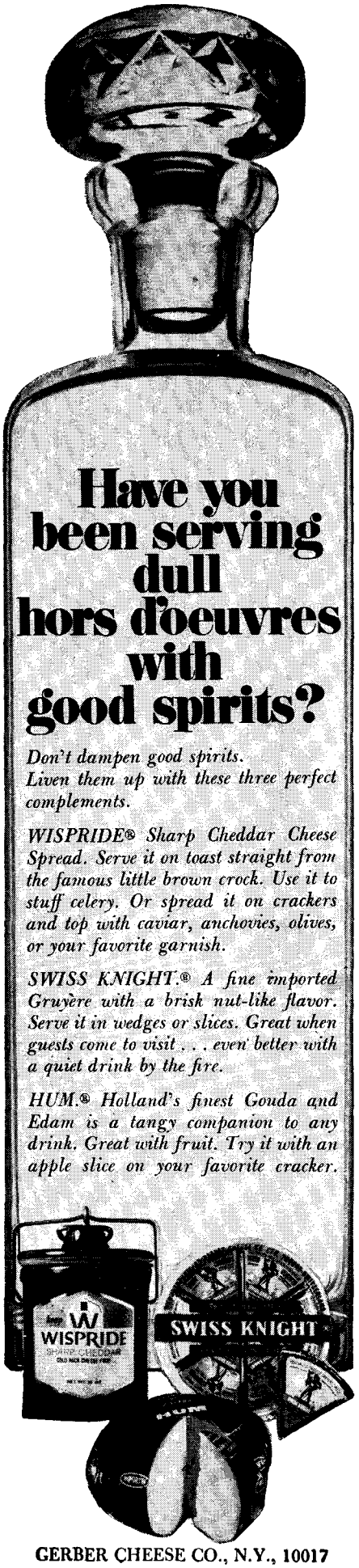
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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

A year ago at the opening reception for critics, authors, publishers, and others who were attending the National Book Awards in New York, they sipped and gossiped, mainly about who might be the winners. The judges had picked them, but the information was to be top secret until the big affair at Philharmonic Hall two days hence. "The envelope, please" sort of thing. Each winner was to emerge from the wings and accept his prize.

But the secret was not kept. The reception was interrupted by a voice from the loudspeaker. Cocktails were poised in mid-air as the publishing world heard that *The New York Times* would, as it had done in the past, prematurely reveal the 1968 NBA winners in the next morning's paper.

However, this year the National Book Committee got around the problem by not having the judges meet till Monday, March 10. The decisions were announced shortly after they had been reached. Everybody got the news at once, and for once the *Times* was almost last. Now, for those of you who wait to read TRADE WINDS to find out what is really happening, here are the authors who won the 1969 National Book Awards for "the most distinguished" work in each category.

ARTS AND LETTERS: *The Armies of the Night* by Norman Mailer (New American Library).

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE: *Journey from Peppermint Street* by Meindert DeJong (Harper & Row).

FICTION: *Steps* by Jerzy Kosinski (Random House).

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY: *White Over Black: American Attitudes Toward the Negro 1550-1812* by Winthrop D. Jordan (University of North Carolina Press).

POETRY: *His Toy, His Dream, His Rest* by John Berryman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

SCIENCES: *Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima* by Robert Jay Lifton (Random House).

TRANSLATION: *Cosmicomics* by Italo Calvino, translated by William Weaver (Harcourt, Brace & World).

The ceremony itself, when the awards are presented and the winners make short speeches, has for a couple of years produced fireworks in addition to its regular function. Two years ago, a body of protesters walked out to signify their objection to the keynote speaker, Vice President Humphrey. Last year, poet Robert Blye, an award-winner, made an impassioned speech against the war and turned over his check then and there to a member of a draft resistance organization. This year, at least three of the winners—Kosinski, Mailer, and Jordan—had written books which indicated their deep involvement with and compassion for humanity. But there were no demonstrations. Their acceptance speeches were merely beautifully phrased appeals to the intellectual community and to the world for some sort of salvation before it is too late.

"We are a savagely mechanical society poised upon the lip, no, the main of a spiritual revolution which will wash the psychic roots of every national institution out to sea," Mailer said. "We are on the brink of dreams and disasters."

Jerzy (pronounced something like Yer-esh) Kosinski is an amazing young man. Ten years ago he came to this country and learned English. Now he has written two novels (*The Painted Bird* was the first) which show what a beautiful language it is indeed in the hands of someone who knows how to use it. (He makes one think of Conrad.) His view of his adopted America is that it has changed in the ten years since he first came. "Americans wrest freedom from each other," he said direly.

Dr. Lifton's study of Hiroshima survivors probably gives him a more vivid image of impending doom than most anyone could acquire. He made it clear where he stands. The weapons, he said, "become grotesque technological deities for a debased religion of nuclearism—gods sought by everybody as part of an all-too-human tendency to confuse the power of apocalyptic destruction with the capacity to protect, or even create, life."

Maybe you are familiar with the case of the Mexican writer Carlos Fuentes. He was on a ship that happened to stop in Puerto Rico. When he attempted to get off and tour San Juan, he was detained by our immigration officials. It seems that he is on a blacklist because several years ago he interviewed some Mexicans who, our State Department judged, were Communists. Our guilt-by-association policy thus affected Señor Fuentes.

The National Book Awards was a good chance, then, for the passing around of a petition calling on the new Administration to do away with the immigration regulation which makes use of this black-

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This season, we'll make 72 home runs a week.

BOAC jets will be flying from the U.S. to Britain 72 times a week during the peak travel months ahead. Leaving from New York, Boston, Miami, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco and Honolulu.

Besides the nonstops to London, we'll call on Manchester in the north of England (a new nonstop service starting April 28). On Glasgow in Scotland. And on Belfast in Northern Ireland.

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Winners 1969 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

fiction

JERZY KOSINSKI
Steps
Random House
Judges: Irving Howe, Jerre Mangione, Wright Morris

arts and letters

NORMAN MAILER
The Armies of the Night: History as a Novel, The Novel as History
New American Library
Judges: Renata Adler, Stanley Kauffmann, Alfred Kazin

children's literature

MEINDERT DE JONG
Journey from Peppermint Street
Harper & Row, Publishers
Judges: John Ciardi, Virginia Haviland, Zena Sutherland

history and biography

WINTHROP D. JORDAN
White Over Black: American Attitudes Toward the Negro, 1550-1812
University of North Carolina Press
Judges: Robert Cromie, Martin Duberman, Allan Nevins

poetry

JOHN BERRYMAN
His Toy, His Dream, His Rest
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
Judges: William Alfred, John Frederick Nims, Richard Wilbur

the sciences

R. J. LIFTON
Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima
Random House
Judges: J. Bronowski, Theodosius Dobzhansky, Walter Sullivan

translation

WILLIAM WEAVER
Cosmicomics — Italo Calvino
Harcourt, Brace & World
Judges: Howard Hong, Vincent McHugh, Richard Winston

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, and consist of seven $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American University Presses, the Book Manufacturers Institute, the Children's Book Council, and the National Translation Center.

list. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Abba Schwartz, both connected with the previous regime, appeared and spoke at a press conference for the repeal of the law. Roger Straus, the publisher, also expressed himself forcefully. Fuentes, it appears, is the fourth of his writers to have been subjected to the same fate.

Sharps and Flats: At a symposium, Floyd McKissick gave (among other things) a black-oriented version of the Declaration of Independence that starts out, "When in the course of human events one cat gonna take something from another cat. . . ." He also reminded his white audience that "We fought on both sides during the Revolutionary War. The British promised us something and so did the colonies."

► William Weaver, who was honored for his translation of Italo Calvino's *Cosmicomics*, caused a few groans in the audience when he revealed that his award-winning manuscript had been rejected by two New York publishers before Harcourt finally accepted it.

► At another discussion, on "The Future of Fiction," William Gass *(Omensetter's Luck)* wryly described the art this way: "All writers do is put words together. You're sitting there with this blank page in front of you and you've got all the words in the world you can think of. If you put them together well, you have written something good. Writers are manipulating concepts. If you have a skill for manipulating concepts, you're a writer. Thus, writing is comparable to the activity of a mathematician."

► Funny, but I heard Philip Roth mentioned only once. Rabbi Herbert Tarr *(Heaven Help Us)* told me that his father asked him what *Portnoy's Complaint* was about. Tarr explained, "It's about a thirty-three-year-old Jewish bachelor who savagely condemns his parents for ruining his life." Whereupon Tarr's mother said, "he was a fool for letting them do it."

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1824)

Mario Puzo:
I HOPE I BREAK EVEN
(Because I Need the Money)

The only sinful aspect of gambling today is how most people bet. A discreet kibitzing survey . . . shows indisputably that thousands of intelligent, high-income people gamble billions of dollars without knowing what . . . they are doing.

From Holiday, Dec., 1968

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Chess Corner—No. 133

ONE might suppose that the curious score below is the initial effort of two Mallorca Island fishermen or goatherds (the game was played in Palma), who had absorbed flimsy and foul guidance in the rules of play.

Clearly, the opponents know how to move the pieces. And during the play —all twenty-nine moves of it—all is legal. But capturing is evidently beyond their ken. Not a Pawn or a piece is taken during the session.

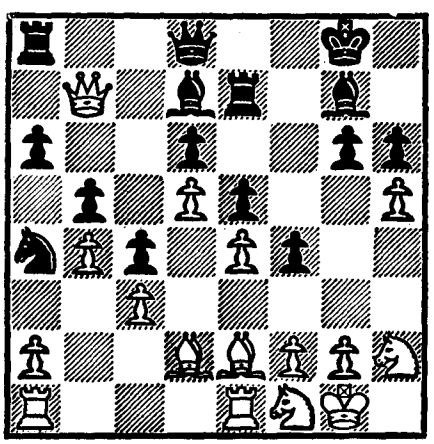
Finally, White, whose turn it is, makes his thirtieth move and quits. The score reads: "Resigns." Readers may imagine that White, bored with it all, shoves all the wood off the board and walks away. The hell with chess!

What actually happened, we have been informed by our on-the-scene correspondent, was that international master Antonio Medina of Spain (White), a former United States open champion, formally resigned to his opponent, the veteran grandmaster Svetozar Gligoric of Yugoslavia. The reason: Gligoric was threatening 30 . . . B-K1. And White loses his Queen.

The set-to is from the recent Palma de Mallorca International, oozing with talent—from minor to grandmaster.

RUY LOPEZ

Medina White	Gligoric Black	Medina White	Gligoric Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	16 B-Q2	P-B4
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	17 P-Q5	B-B1
3 B-N5	P-QR3	18 P-N3	P-B5
4 B-R4	N-B3	19 B-KB1	B-Q2
5 O-O	B-K2	20 N-R2	R-B1
6 R-K1	P-QN4	21 P-N4	N-R5
7 B-N3	P-Q3	22 Q-B3	P-N3
8 P-B3	O-O	23 B-K2	B-N2
9 P-KR3	P-KR3	24 P-R4	N-R2
10 P-Q4	R-K1	25 P-R5	N-N4
11 QN-Q2	B-B1	26 Q-K3	P-B4
12 N-B1	B-N2	27 Q-R7	P-B5
13 N-N3	N-QR4	28 N/3-B1	R-R1
14 B-B2	N-B5	29 Q-N7	R-K2
15 B-Q3	N-N3	Resigns	



—AL HOROWITZ.

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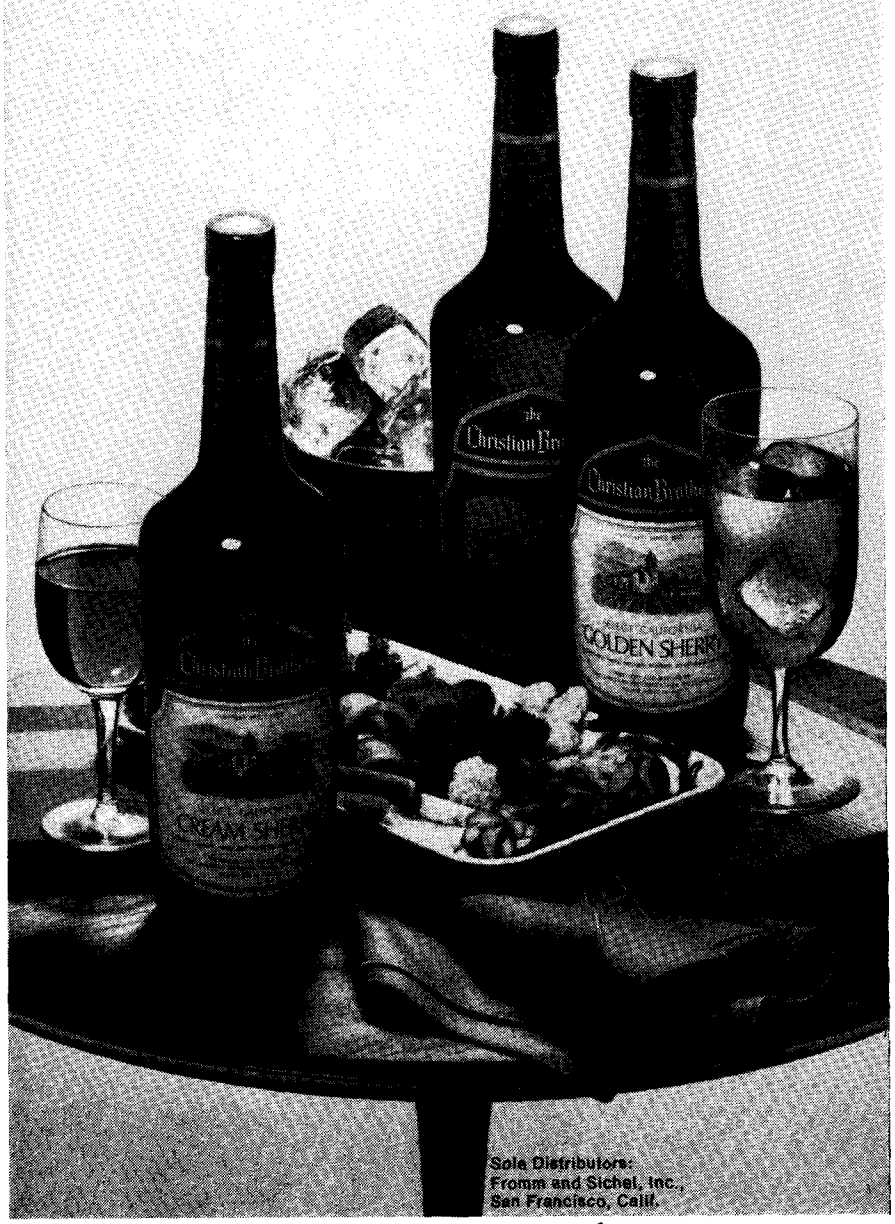

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Kennedy, Khrushchev, and Cuba

The tides of peace were at their crest when a new President took office in 1961; yet within two years a series of mistakes had brought Washington and Moscow to the edge of nuclear war. A distinguished columnist reveals these errors and specifies some lessons for the Nixon Administration.

By DREW PEARSON

"I FELT," said the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy, "that we were on the edge of a precipice with no way off." He was describing the "Thirteen Days" in October 1962 during which the United States almost went to war with Soviet Russia over the Cuban missile crisis. Kennedy's book is being cited by various experts as a lesson for President Nixon, and it is. David Schoenbrun, who covered the crisis for CBS, warns that Mr. Nixon should be aware of hawkish advisers. John Kenneth Galbraith, who was then Ambassador to India, points out that President Kennedy's political neck—and for that matter the United States—was saved by men of moral courage. Dean Acheson, who participated in the talks, is convinced President Kennedy was "phenomenally lucky."

While all of the above are true, I would like to make the very important point that the Cuban missile crisis didn't have to happen. And that is the chief lesson for President Nixon. It was not necessary for Kennedy to depend on the advice of either hawkish generals or men of moral courage. For it was not necessary to bring the two most powerful nuclear nations to the brink of war, and it was not necessary to risk a challenge to Soviet vessels on the high seas. For the express duty and function of diplomacy are to prevent these crises. When they happen it is because diplomacy has been neglectful, irresponsible, inefficient.

Some of the events in the early days of the Kennedy Administration which led to the Cuban missile crisis were so juvenile, so overconfident, that they amounted to a travesty of diplomacy. A case in point is the inexcusable failure of Secretary of State Dean Rusk to carry out the President's orders to remove American missiles from Turkey—one of Khrushchev's main reasons for placing Russian missiles in Cuba. Twice the President gave orders to remove American missiles from a country that is not 90 miles distant, as Cuba is from the United States, but only 100 yards from the Soviet Union. Yet these orders were never carried out.

THIS error is passed over very lightly in Senator Kennedy's book. But it was one of the many mistakes of American diplomacy which led to the most serious danger of major war the United States has faced since December 7, 1941.

There were other serious mistakes, and they began on the day John F. Kennedy took the oath of office, January 20, 1961. They were related to me by such men as the late Adlai Stevenson, former Under Secretary of State Chester Bowles, Senator William Fulbright of Arkansas, and Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, both members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. I relate them here in the hope that President Nixon, who faces the same opportunities as John F. Kennedy, may not repeat his mistakes.

Perhaps the most intriguing of these conversations took place high in the Montenegrin mountains in August 1962, two months before the Cuban missile crisis. Adlai Stevenson and I were the guests of Mrs. Eugene Meyer on a yachting cruise along the Adriatic coast and had traveled with Chief Justice Earl Warren into the interior of Montenegro, partly to give "the chief" some fishing. Our Montenegrin hosts had taken us to a secluded mountain lake where Warren set out in a rowboat to test its potentialities. Stevenson and I, meanwhile, walked among the pine trees along the shore. Perhaps it was the isolation of the spot, but he began talking of his trials and tribulations as Ambassador to the United Nations. The State Department in Washington gave him little authority. He was a diplomatic puppet, dancing to the tune of the career men in Washington. Dean Rusk was slow, sometimes to the point of exasperation.

Stevenson's chief hope had been that he could contribute something toward peace by improving relations with Soviet Russia. To that end he urged Kennedy, in December 1960, shortly after he was elected and before his Inauguration, to take the initiative with the Soviet government. Khrushchev, he said, was ripe for friendly overtures. Averell Harriman had reported, even before the election, that Khrushchev was throwing whatever indirect influence the Soviets had against Nixon. Specifically, he had refused to release the RB-47 Naval fliers before the election for fear it would help Nixon.

AFTER Kennedy's victory, Khrushchev suggested through Ambassador Anatoliy Dobrynin in Washington that the Soviets might send a special ambassador of Cabinet rank to the Inauguration. Kennedy turned this down. On Inauguration day, Khrushchev sent an effusive telegram, overflowing with friendship, to the new President. Ken-

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nedy replied with a curt three-line message.

After the Inauguration, following a conference with the new President, Stevenson was asked by newsmen whether Kennedy would confer with Khrushchev if the Soviet leader came to New York for a special U.N. Assembly meeting. Stevenson had answered in the affirmative. Whereupon the White House issued a blunt denial. Later, Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson in Moscow was ordered to track down Chairman Khrushchev in Siberia where he was traveling and inform him that the new President of the United States preferred to postpone any early meeting. Khrushchev is reported to have hit the ceiling.

The American Embassy in Moscow reported early in 1961 that Khrushchev had been given six months in which to demonstrate to the Red Chinese that his policy of coexistence with the West would work. At the Communist Conference in Moscow in November 1960, the Chinese had vehemently opposed Khrushchev's so-called policy of appeasing the West. In a four-hour speech, the Chinese delegate had excoriated Khrushchev. This was followed by a Russo-Chinese compromise, which, according to the American Embassy, consisted of a six-month grace period during which Khrushchev would have to prove to the Red Chinese that his policy would work.

For this reason then, Kennedy's rebuff of Khrushchev's suggestion that they meet together in New York made the Soviet leader see red. Almost immediately, he turned off his policy of cooperation and began to haze Mr. Kennedy. The Kremlin delivered a brutal note regarding the Congo, undercutting the United Nations and everything the United States stood for there. Simultaneously the Soviet delegation of the Geneva nuclear testing conference stiffened its position. And there was stepped-up Communist activity in Laos.

Simultaneously, Kennedy made a saber-rattling speech threatening military intervention in Laos, appropriated more money for missiles, upped expenditures for B-52s, the long-range bombers. All Stevenson had advised was thrown overboard.

To cap it all, four months after Kennedy had taken office, Stevenson had stood up in the United Nations to defend —and lie about—the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, only to discover that Washington had not told him the truth. Yes, Adlai Stevenson was indeed discouraged.

It began to get cold high up in those Montenegrin mountains. The Chief Justice had exhausted his patience and rowed back to shore. He had caught two bluegills, too small to keep. Stevenson had finished his discourse, a confession of failure delivered two months before the Cuban missile crisis, a confession in which he saw Russian-American relations drifting from days of hope to days of danger.

I cannot remember the chronological order in which I talked to the others who had urged John F. Kennedy to take the initiative with Khrushchev early in his Administration for fresh new starts toward peace. Senator Cooper, a moderate Republican who had served with success as American Ambassador to India, had visited Moscow shortly before Kennedy's Inauguration and conferred with Foreign Minister Gromyko, Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, and others. He came back to dine with Kennedy and tell him this was the time for the United States to take the initiative regarding Berlin; otherwise the Russians would. They were in a friendly frame of mind toward the new Administration, but would not wait. European opinion, Cooper told Kennedy, generally agreed that sixteen years was long enough to delay signing a peace treaty with Germany.

Chester Bowles, who served as Under Secretary until he ran afoul of Robert Kennedy over the Bay of Pigs, advised likewise. So did Senator Fulbright, who had been on excellent relations with Kennedy until he heard Kennedy was about to undertake the Bay of Pigs invasion and passionately urged him, in his slow Arkansas drawl, not to do it. All told the new President, in those formative months in the winter of 1961, that he should take advantage of the Moscow thaw.

Perhaps it was Kennedy's caution. Perhaps it was the advice of old-line bureaucrats in the State Department,

Drew Pearson, at left, with Mr. Khrushchev—"If the United States and Russia stand together, no country in the world can start war."

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steeped in the Dulles policy of bowing daily before Chancellor Konrad Adenhauer. But Kennedy did not move. And in April of that fateful year, there began a series of events that some diplomats said turned the luck of the Irish. In any event, they led to the Cuban missile crisis and the brink of war between Russia and the United States.

AFTER the United States invaded Cuba on April 18 in a poorly conceived, poorly prepared expedition masterminded by the CIA, Kennedy emerged as something of a hero to many Americans. His announcement that he was to blame aroused a sense of sympathy, even among those inclined to criticize. But it did not make him a hero abroad, especially in the Soviet Union.

Moreover, it did not make Mr. Kennedy a hero to himself. It gave him a definite inferiority complex. Here was a handsome young President, elected on the promise of giving the United States a new image in foreign affairs, yet he knew in his heart that he had failed. Prestige counts heavily with every human being, especially with men who represent nations; so the President of the United States sought to recoup his prestige and that of the United States. He invited Khrushchev to the meeting that only two months earlier he had vetoed.

Against this background, the Vienna Conference took place in May 1961, a moment when Kennedy was suffering from the Bay of Pigs fiasco and when Khrushchev was growling both privately and publicly over having had his earlier overtures of friendship rebuffed. "I told young Mr. Kennedy that if he wants war, he can have war," Khrushchev later told me that summer during a very frank interview on the shores of the Black Sea.

"Mr. Kennedy told me," Khrushchev reported, "'Our forces are now equal. We can destroy each other.'

"'Yes, Mr. President,' I replied, 'I agree, though in my heart I feel we are stronger. But I agree on the policy of equality. We regard the strength of the United States in a very serious light.'

"'We have to judge governments by their actions,' I told him, 'and the United States has now increased its defense budget, you have ordered the mobilization of more men, and you have ordered more bombers. These are not toys. The United States has now dispatched 1,500 additional troops to Berlin. This is a clear threat.'

"I told Mr. Kennedy," Khrushchev continued, "that if he sent 50,000 troops to Berlin, it would offer us an opportunity to send even more troops; since we had more troops than he in closer to Berlin. 'If you introduce more troops to Berlin,' I told him, 'it will be a very unwise step.'"

"I wish you'd at least have the common courtesy to keep quiet while we're discussing something."

Kennedy's Vienna Conference with Khrushchev got nowhere, and he returned to Washington a very shaken man. On the plane flying across the Atlantic, Kennedy advisers reported that he seemed more depressed than at any time in his life. He talked about the probability that his children might live under war. The first thing he did on arriving home was to get a military appraisal of the number of lives which would be lost in an atomic war.

I dined with President Kennedy three days after he had returned from Vienna. He was still in a very depressed mood. He said he did not see how the United States could get through the summer without war. Khrushchev, he said, was under obligation to the East Germans to sign a separate peace treaty. This, he said, would bring war. The next morning the President suffered a recurrence of his back injury and was confined to his bed for the next few weeks. Officially it resulted from planting a tree at a dedication. Some doctors, however, said it was psychosomatic; the result of his talk with Khrushchev.

TOWARD the end of the month, I was invited on a cruise down the Potomac by then Vice President Lyndon Johnson, in honor of the Premier of South Vietnam. On the yacht was Walt Rostow, Kennedy's national security adviser, who had been with him in Vienna. Rostow was glowing with pride over the results in Vienna. "Our President looked straight down the gun barrel of atomic war," Rostow said, "and he did not flinch."

I am sure this was true. But I am also sure that there was no necessity whatsoever for this confrontation. Had John F. Kennedy taken the advice of Adlai Stevenson, Chester Bowles, Senator Cooper, and others to meet Khrushchev halfway during the early months of 1961, he would never have had to look down that gun barrel.

By this time, however, Khrushchev had the bit in his teeth. He had been embarrassed by Kennedy's refusal to see him in New York in March. The Chinese and the big missile men in the Kremlin were taunting him over the increased military budget of the United States. At Vienna, Khrushchev, the son of a peasant and a shrewd trader, knew he had the upper hand with Kennedy. But back in Moscow, his hand was being called. He had argued that war with capitalism was not inevitable, that coexistence was the only substitute for atomic war and the end of civilization. But his gestures toward the United States had not been reciprocated.

I wrote at the time that Khrushchev and Kennedy were acting like "little boys with Halloween masks frightening each other into war."

A few weeks later, Khrushchev built

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the Berlin Wall, and there followed a hue and cry from American right-wingers that we move in and tear it down.

On August 17, while the wall was still being perfected, I was conducting the aforementioned interview with Khrushchev on the shores of the Black Sea. The formal interview extended into a series of talks lasting two days, during which time we swam, breakfasted, and dined together. Khrushchev started off on a serious, formal note, but later relaxed and came forth with amazingly frank statements about his concern for the peace of the world and his problems with American leaders. It was at this time that he told of his hopes that Kennedy might be elected President over Richard Nixon.

"In October 1960," he said, "the American Ambassador came to see me and wanted to release the American RB-47 flyers as a gesture to show that our two countries could work together. 'No,' I replied, 'this would only help Nixon, and we're voting for Kennedy.' And insomuch as Kennedy was elected by a very narrow margin, I figure that we elected him."

AS Mrs. Pearson and I were saying good-by to Khrushchev two days later, he said: "Please tell Mr. Kennedy that if the United States and Russia stand together, no country in the world can start war."

I delivered this message to Kennedy four days later under very unfavorable circumstances. Twenty minutes before I saw the President in the upstairs living room of the White House, he had received word from the Atomic Energy Commission that the Soviet government had resumed nuclear testing. Khrushchev had hinted to me that this might take place, though I did not take him seriously. He was under great pressure from the generals in the Red Army, he said, to resume testing because of their belief that American nuclear production was far ahead of that of the Soviet Union. He was also under pressure, he said, because Kennedy had called up the Reserves, to continue the class of the Red Army about to be mustered for another tour of duty. President Kennedy was so upset over the news that the Soviet Union had resumed nuclear testing that I am quite sure my report on the interview with Khrushchev made scant impression.

My talk with Kennedy took place in the last days of August 1961, and the next month he sent Rostow and Gen. Maxwell Taylor to Saigon to make recommendations on what policy the Kennedy Administration should follow in South Vietnam. John Kenneth Galbraith heard about their trip from his post in India and flew back to Washington to try to influence its final result, or at least

negate it with Kennedy. He knew that Rostow, the hawk, was likely to recommend military intervention. That was exactly what he did. And it was at this crucial point that President Kennedy made the first major military commitment in South Vietnam. Hitherto, the level of troops had been kept to 1,000 so-called military advisers, sent by former President Eisenhower. But in September 1961, Kennedy sent 18,000 men and later upped this to 30,000.

George Ball, then Under Secretary of State, who opposed the escalation, is convinced that the President made it because he had suffered a series of defeats —first at the Bay of Pigs, later in Vienna, later with the Berlin Wall. By sending troops to Saigon, he was determined to recoup his prestige and that of the United States. Thus mistake built upon mistake; the early rebuff to Khrushchev, the Bay of Pigs, the failure to remove American missiles from Turkey, Khrushchev's nuclear rebuff to the United States—all pointed toward the showdown over Cuba when the United States and Soviet Russia stood eyeball-to-eyeball on the brink of war.

I do not mean to say that mistakes were not also made by the Kremlin. I am sure they were. But I was not privy to conversations inside the Kremlin, as I was to conversations with American leaders. I can only report factually on American mistakes. There were enough of these to have precipitated the Cuban missile crisis by themselves, without those made by the Soviets. Undoubtedly Khrushchev's biggest mistake was to misjudge the United States by sending the missiles to Cuba in the first place.

The lesson to be learned from these mistakes is herewith spread out for Mr. Nixon. The tides of peace are like the tides of man. They must be ridden on the crest, not on the ebb. On the very day that Mr. Nixon was delivering his inspiring Inaugural speech pledging his all-out effort for peace in the world, the Soviet government was officially offering to begin talks with the United States on limiting offensive and defensive missiles just as soon as Mr. Nixon was ready. As I read the announcement, I couldn't help thinking that this is where I came in with another President's Inauguration on January 20, 1961.

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UFOs AND THE EVIDENCE

"We are in no position to assert what is or is not possible for some extraterrestrial technology . . ."

By FREDERICK J. HOOVEN

THE subject of UFOs is a vast one. At least 20,000 reports are on record of sightings of some kind of flying object not identified, and it has been estimated that from five to ten times as many observations have not been recorded. The reports come from all periods of history (the Old Testament book of Ezekiel is a typical flying saucer, or UFO, report) and from all parts of the world, the highest concentrations corresponding with the times and places of most effective communication.

Roughly 95 per cent of these reports can be readily attributed to misinterpretations of such common objects as planets, stars, satellites, meteorites, weather balloons, and aircraft. It is astonishing how many people have never studied the sky, and when their attention is called to it they become greatly excited by a sighting of Venus, Jupiter, Mars, or the star Sirius. An additional fraction of the reports turn out to be hoaxes, pranks, or psychopathic phenomena.

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This leaves a residue of reports that have resisted any of these explanations, and that have originated with solidly credible witnesses, some of them professionally skilled. Of this residue a small proportion share common aspects that are difficult to attribute to anything but some kind of objective reality.

About 1950, it was suggested that UFOs were vehicles from another world that were observing Earth. There was something about this suggestion that tickled the fancy of almost everybody, even those who felt certain it was not true. Since that time people have taken positions on the subject, their beliefs varying along a spectrum, or scale of 100, with the absolute unbelievers at the zero end, the utterly faithful enthusiasts at the 100 end, and the majority somewhere between. Most scientists are clustered around the zero mark.

In October 1966, the U.S. Air Force commissioned the University of Colorado to conduct a thorough study of the UFO question. The study was conducted by a group directed by Dr. Edward U. Condon, a scientist and public figure of the first rank, and its official report, *Scientific Study of Unidentified Flying Objects*, was issued last January.

"Howard, play me or trade me."

I served as a consultant to the Colorado group along with David F. Moyer; we were both working for the Ford Company. There had been a great number of reports that included accounts of automobiles malfunctioning in some way in the presence of UFOs, and, when the project was initiated, Dr. Condon requested assistance from the automobile industry in evaluating these reports. With the assistance of Ford engineers and scientists, a painstaking analysis was conducted of a car that had figured in a UFO report. In the process, techniques were developed and described for analyzing automobiles for possible after-effects of radioactive and magnetic phenomena, neither of which was found in the car examined.

The report begins with an introduction by Walter Sullivan, science editor of *The New York Times*, and a fairly complete picture can be obtained by reading it along with the report's conclusions and recommendations, and a summary, written by Condon. The body of the report is voluminous, with detailed analyses of fifty-nine case studies, buttressed by extensive discussions of the physical and perceptual phenomena involved. Special attention is given to radar anomalies, visual illusions, and some of the aspects of common objects likely to be mistaken for UFOs. There is historical background, and extensive documentation. The quality of the writing and the editing is outstanding.

THE report concludes that inasmuch as there is no positive evidence of extraordinary phenomena, it can safely be assumed that UFOs are not anything extraordinary, and that the subject does not warrant further scientific study. The logic of this particular approach is defended in the following passage, quoted from the report's summary:

> As a practical matter, we take the position that if an UFO report can be plausibly explained in ordinary terms, then we accept that explanation even though not enough evidence may be available to prove it beyond all doubt. This point is so important that perhaps an analogy is needed to make it clear. Several centuries ago, the most generally accepted theory of human disease was that it was caused by the patient's being possessed or inhabited by a devil or evil spirit. Different diseases were supposed to be caused by different devils. The guiding principle for medical research was then the study and classification of different kinds of devils, and progress in therapy was sought in the search for and discovery of means for exorcising each kind of devil.
>
> Gradually medical research discovered bacteria, toxins and viruses, and their causative relation to various diseases. More and more diseases came to be described by their causes.
>
> Suppose now that instead, medi-

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cine had clung to the devil theory of disease. As long as there exists one human illness that is not fully understood in modern terms such a theory cannot be disproved. It is always possible, while granting that some diseases are caused by viruses, etc., to maintain that those that are not yet understood are the ones that are really caused by devils.

There are two shortcomings inherent in the quoted passage. First, those who hold that some of the UFO reports might possibly be extraordinary phenomena will be affronted by the implication that their view is comparable with that of holding diseases to be caused by devils. Second, of the fifty-nine case studies reported, a number could not be "plausibly explained in ordinary terms."

One cannot demand that positive proof be shown that all UFO reports are ordinary phenomena, as such proof will obviously never be possible. Neither is it reasonable to demand positive proof that a phenomenon is extraordinary in order to conclude that it is worthy of additional study. The ordinary individual, looking for some guidance in forming his opinions, will become impatient with such extreme views, and he is likely to reject the advice, also given in the report's conclusions and recommendations, that he should believe what the scientists tell him about UFOs.

I do not hold that UFOs are visitors from outer space. For one thing, I cannot believe that such visitors could be so numerous or present in so many different aspects. I do, however, hold that a visitor from outer space or other extraordinary phenomenon are of sufficient possibility to warrant continuing investigation of UFOs. Any discussion of interstellar space travel is predicated on our own far-distant prospects, and illustrates why we cannot accept uncritically what the scientists tell us about the possibility of visitors from outer space.

It is generally agreed today that there are probably planets other than our own which may be populated by intelligent creatures, more or less like ourselves, but it is highly unlikely that they are anywhere in our own solar system, since our other planets are so inhospitable to life as we know it. Condon, in examining this possibility, points out that planets belonging to any star other than our own sun are so inconceivably far away that no living creature could make the trip by any means we now could foresee. He also points out that in order to suppose that any civilization comparable to ours is presently in existence elsewhere, it is necessary to assume that such a civilization has lived to a very great age, because time is so vast, and our own brief civilization has existed for only a millionth of the probable lifetime of Earth, which is already showing signs of destroying itself with nuclear energy before it gets really started.

It can therefore be reasoned that if any other civilization such as ours does now exist in our galaxy, it must be many times older than ours, just as any one-day-old infant must recognize that most living people are many times older than he is. We can speculate on the present capabilities of a technology that is, say, 50,000 years ahead of ours only in terms of what our own might be capable of 50,000 years from now. About all that can be said of such a possibility is that it would be largely incomprehensible to us, and, as Arthur C. Clarke has said, it would appear to us to be magic, since it would violate the laws of physical science as we know them today. We are consequently in no position to assert what is or is not possible for some extraterrestrial technology vastly older than our own.

Speculation is so firmly discouraged in science that scientists generally show no talent for it, or more probably they are inhibited by fear of ridicule or disapproval by their colleagues. Consequently, when they are invited to prognosticate, they predict prodigious feats of technology, all of which are built on the foundation of today's physical sciences, implying that the future will bring no more of the kind of scientific discovery that has in the past changed our views of the physical world and the course of our technology.

This attitude is expressed in an article by William Markowitz in *Science*, entitled, "The Physics and Metaphysics of Unidentified Flying Objects." Under the physics heading he demonstrates that interstellar travel is impossible by today's laws of physics. Under the heading of metaphysics he then purports to discuss the possibilities of considering that today's laws of physics do not hold. However, he fails to give serious attention to the subject. Instead, he contents himself with demolishing some of the fantasies of the writers of science fiction, and then impatiently proclaims that such exercise is "magic" and that he does not believe in it.

IT is much more difficult to be serious about projecting the capabilities of technologies on the order of 50,000 years ahead of ours today. It has been less than 140 years since Michael Faraday discovered electromagnetic induction, which might be called the first truly scientific discovery to result directly in new technology. It has been less than eighty years since we first began to support science in the supposition that it would result in technology, and since that time science and technology have grown and progressed almost exponentially. It is scarcely possible to extrapolate from such a short base over so long a span, as far as the laws of physics are concerned, beyond observing that our science is in its

(*Continued on page* 62)

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John Mason Brown

JOHN MASON BROWN, critic, essayist, author, lecturer, died last week at the age of sixty-eight. He was a key figure in the development of *Saturday Review*, serving as drama critic and editor-at-large over the span of a quarter-century. He was vastly gifted. He turned his creativity in many directions, but his main bent was the theater; he was probably its leading authority and certainly its best friend. He was pre-eminent as a lecturer. His book on Robert E. Sherwood won him recognition as biographer and historian. He was a member of the board of judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club. He had few peers as a writer and none as a public speaker. He was a man of infinite charm and unsurpassed wit. He was as creative and artistic about his **friendships** as he was about his work.

Like the founding editors and present editor of *Saturday Review*, John Mason Brown was a product of the old *New York Evening Post*, for which he was drama critic for more than a decade. He was only twenty-nine when he started writing for the *Post*. It soon became apparent that he was a critic and writer of prodigious ability. His broad knowledge of the theater was combined with a felicitous command of the English language. He used words with painstaking artistry and occasionally with devastating effect. He was first of all a man of taste, a presiding fact about his criticism that everyone connected with the theater came to recognize and respect.

John Mason Brown's career on the old *Post* began some four years after Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, William Rose Benét, and Christopher Morley took their weekly supplement out of that newspaper and launched it as a separate weekly journal called *The Saturday Review of Literature*. I remember hearing Dr. Canby say in 1940, shortly after I came to the magazine, that he knew of no young writer who had greater natural flair for criticism and the essay. One of Dr. Canby's ambitions, which he passed along to me, was to get John Brown to write for the magazine regularly.

THE war intervened. Here I plagiarize from my brief history of the magazine in *Present Tense*. John was aide to Admiral Alan G. Kirk on the *USS Augusta*, flagship of the American invasion fleet at Normandy. His natural abilities floated to the top. Admiral Kirk put him to work as a teacher and morale-builder. John lectured regularly to the crew—not just about the life of the theater but about world affairs, history, and the arts. During the invasion of Normandy, he did a running commentary for the men on board, connecting them to the historical enterprise in which each had a major role. His words enabled the men to penetrate the constricted field of vision imposed by war on the individual warrior. He lifted the men below decks out of their interior limbo and made them integral to the battle.

Some years later Admiral Kirk told me that, for sheer brilliance of observation and ability to convey the essence of an incredibly complex and fast-changing situation, he had never seen the equal of John Mason Brown's dramatic performance at Normandy on June 6, 1944.

Such an evaluation would come as no surprise to anyone who heard John Brown on the public platform. Within a short time after he began his lecturing career, John Brown became the most popular speaker in the country, a distinction he retained for more than thirty years. I know of no contemporary critic who used words more adroitly and colorfully. He had complete control of the quintessentials, whether in describing a play, a person, or an event. The pictures he painted in the listener's mind had far greater substance and vitality than those which the eye alone could perceive. John Brown demonstrated that the most potent theater could be staged within the human imagination—without curtains, props, or special lighting effects. And so he went around the country, a composite performance by himself, providing not only dramatic criticism of a very high order, but a versatile sampling of the plays themselves.

All credit for persuading John Mason Brown to join *SRL* as drama critic belongs to Amy Loveman, whose place in the history of the magazine is no less vital and central than that of Dr. Canby. Dr. Canby designed and gave direction to the magazine, but Amy Loveman gave *SRL* its tone and spirit.

It was difficult for any writer, whatever his age, eminence, or previous condition of literary servitude, to resist Amy Loveman. She invited John Mason Brown to join us at lunch one day. I sat enthralled by her extraordinary skill as a listener and by John Brown's skill as a verbalizer. I don't think Amy Loveman spoke more than four or five minutes out of the two hours we were together. By the time the lunch was over, John Brown had talked himself—brilliantly and beautifully—into accepting the job.

John Mason Brown's column for *SR*, SEEING THINGS, revealed that his interest in the theater was exceeded only by his interest in the human drama. He paid his readers the compliment of believing that their concerns were as wide-ranging as his own, their sensitivities no less keen, their feelings no less deep. What he once wrote of Edith Hamilton, for whom he had total admiration, was no less true of himself. He said that Miss Hamilton was "a popularizer but not a vulgarizer, a liaison officer between the finest that has been and the finest that is." She "wrote from the heart as well as the head." Her "learning and living are linked. Large as is her erudition, her vision is larger." The passage was not intended as self-description, but it will serve.

John Mason Brown's writings in the magazine widened progressively until they embraced the world of the creative

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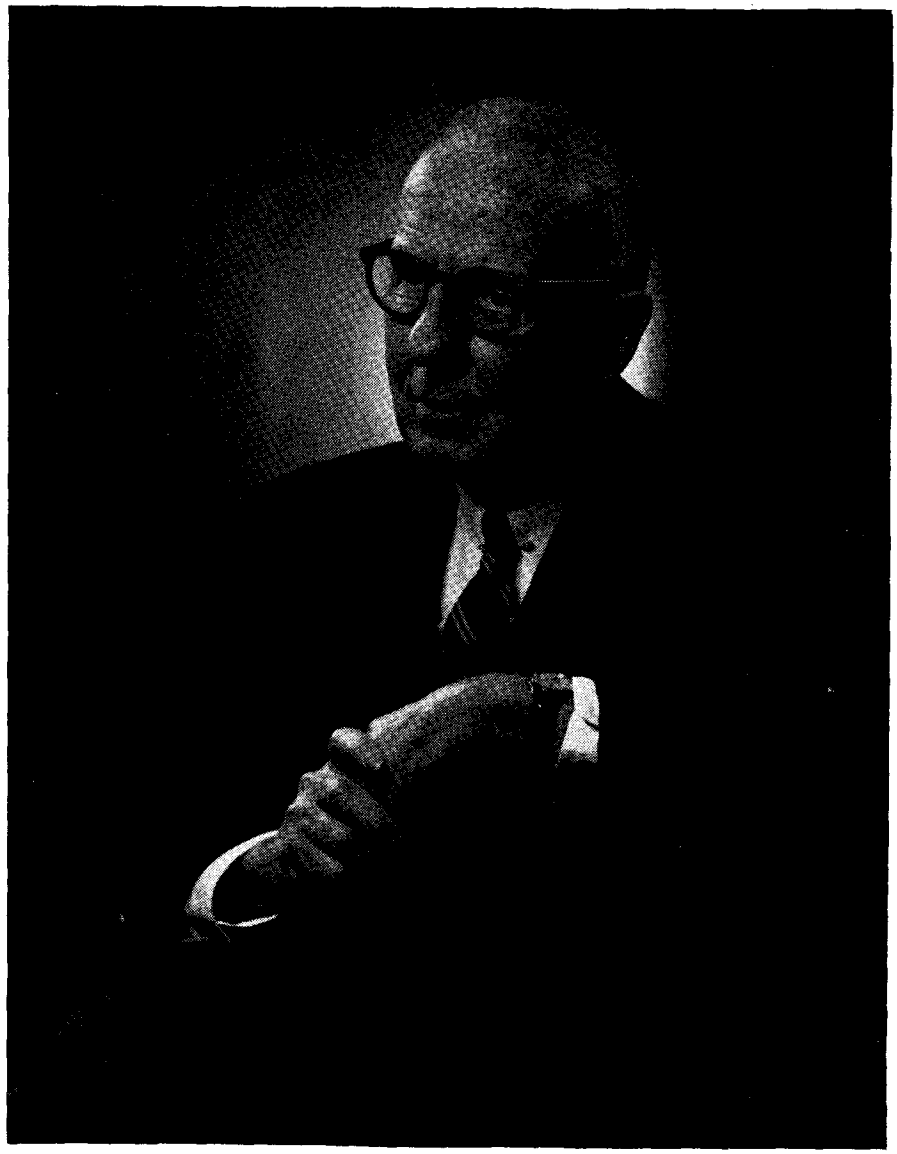
arts as a whole and, indeed, the arena of events and ideas. In fact, few writers I know have made more imaginative use of the unique advantages offered by a magazine for combining the public interest in the topical with the critic's interest in the generic and the historical. He would write about Clifford Odets one week, locating him in time, space, and the human condition. The next week he would contribute an essay on a new book about Horace Walpole by Wilmarth Lewis. At one point, he dropped out of the magazine for several weeks in order to gather material for a series of articles on the Nuremberg Trials—a series, incidentally, which still stands as one of the best-rounded accounts and appraisals of that event—whether from the standpoint of political or juridical history. I was especially struck with his description of some of the men on trial:

> A sorrier group of men than those who had found their Valhalla in the Nuremberg dock could scarcely be imagined. The prison pallor—that pallor which can reduce the most florid complexion to a whiteness not unlike a fish's belly—was upon them. . . . Their bodies, like their authority, had shriveled. Only the cruelty in their faces remained undwindled. Inescapable as this was, it was insufficient to encompass their mass crimes. They had lean, though not hungry, looks. It was not so much that they had become thin as that they had ceased to be gross. The change in their diet did not end with a different menu. They were nourished by what they had eaten but starved for that which they had once fed on. Adversity had whittled away their persons no less than their powers.



—*Antony di Gesù.*

John Mason Brown, 1900-1969.

No assignment we gave John Mason Brown used him more fully perhaps than the Presidential election campaigns of 1948 and 1952. All the bizarre sounds of the nominating conventions were duly noted—John Brown had not been a student of the theater for nothing—but he was also able to discern the deep currents underneath the corn. His sense of drama was in balance with his sense of history.

In 1955, John Mason Brown took leave of absence to begin work on his study of Robert E. Sherwood, playwright, author, historian, adviser to Presidents. Sherwood's qualities called irresistibly to a mind like John Mason Brown's. For Sherwood represented a combination of poetic sensitivity and craggy practicality. Sherwood's life and energies were interwoven in the texture of living history, but he never lost vital contact with tradition. His unabashed love of America didn't make him insensitive to its imperfections.

It was ten years before the first volume in John Mason Brown's study appeared. During that time, Brown immersed himself fully in the enterprise. The files on Sherwood that he brought together and organized were akin to a major Library of Congress project. He had assembled enough material on Sherwood's involvement with the theater to account for a half-dozen books. But there was even more material on Sherwood's involvement with the life of the nation. He had been at the aorta of living history, a collaborator who worked directly with President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

FEW men had been more caught up in the drama of the world struggle against Nazism than Sherwood. John Mason Brown knew he was dealing not just with a playwright but with a historical figure. The publication in 1965 of the first volume, *The Worlds of Robert E. Sherwood: Mirror to His Times,* gave John Brown neither catharsis nor surcease. He was still full of his work and mission, a man in study and motion. His files and research still dominated his life. He subordinated all his other interests to it.

"The more I find out about Sherwood, the more amazed I am about the man," he told me over lunch less than a year ago. He was still as exuberant, still as magnificently curious about his subject as when he began the biography thirteen years earlier. He resisted all our efforts to lure him back to his SEEING THINGS at *SR*, saying that he was determined to complete his Sherwood biography-history. When I asked him how long that would be, he gave a characteristic answer: "If I keep on finding out wonderful new things about Bob Sherwood, I may never finish it."

This sense of perennial discovery was what was most vital and vivid in the man and his work. That and his ability to share it. It kept him youthful to the end. John Mason Brown lived a full life of the mind. He knew the value of joy. Those who were close to him knew it too.

—N.C.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Thebes Carnival

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

IT IS FITTING that the Yale School of Drama Repertory Theatre, which kicked off this turbulent theater season by loaning its facilities to The Living Theatre, should now present a production of Euripides' *Bacchae* that seems to warn the Establishment that repressive measures are not likely to solve the problem of current civil disorders. Whatever one's esthetic judgment of The Living Theatre's anarchic effluences may be, it does bring our deepest dissatisfactions with contemporary society out into the open. And essentially this is the role of Dionysos and the hippies of ancient Thebes, whom he has hallucinated.

As the audience enters the auditorium, where the lighting fluctuates between cocktail lounge dark to midnight black, director Andre Gregory's production is already in progress. One can vaguely discern onstage what looks like an enormous eyeball full of platforms and firehouse poles on and around which figures are moving and writhing. When the lights come up, we see the setting, designed by Santo Loquasto, is a metal and plastic construction, the floor of which is curved like a tipped-over barrel providing the company of actors an unusual surface to play upon. Dressed in hippie-like costumes, the actors appear to be unisexual, and even the frequent copulative pairings associate director Stanley Rosenberg has devised does not define them.

As Dionysos, Alvin Epstein is admirably articulate and complex. When he complains that his divine parentage has been impugned, and adds, "They shouldn't have said that. This place must learn what it means to be half-born," his calm smile is not vengeful, but rather expresses the inner cool of a man about to restore the world to a just order.

Supporting the worship of Dionysos is the prophet Teiresias. Michael Lombard makes this character amusing by giving him some of the qualities of the Maharishi. George Bartenieff is also quite funny as the aged Kadmos, who, like Father William, has nothing to lose by turning on.

The opposition is represented by Pentheus, the ruler of Thebes, played by David Spielberg. Dressed in a stern black costume and surrounded by police-helmeted guards, he reminds us of Mayor Daley and his, in retrospect, comically futile attempts to deal with the Chicago equivalent of Euripides' cultists. Later in the play, when Pentheus is persuaded to dress up as a woman in order to peep at the orgies of the Bacchae, we are not quite sure whether he is motivated by a voyeuristic desire, or a repressed homosexuality released by the opportunity to perform in drag.

Certainly, it is more conventionally dramatic to show Pentheus as a puritanical coward whose righteous indignation is a perversion of his sexual impulses. Yet, it more closely reflects the current trend to suggest, as does The Living Theatre, that the ultimate in harmonious living would be a complete removal of the social barriers that restrict the expression of love between human beings regardless of gender.

While the case against Pentheus is strong and we shed no tears over his savage death at the hands of his hallucinated mother, the case for living the Dionysian way of life is not made any more attractive. The carnal pursuit of lust seems neither erotic nor ecstatic. Thus, when the triumphant Dionysos speaks while holding a live snake, we assume that the behavior of the people he has hallucinated is as undesirable as that of the power structure which attempted to pursue evil with evil.

There are weaknesses in this production. The somersaulting antics of the Bacchae are not very interesting, and the setting which looks as if it were about to become a psychedelic machine never does. Certainly a "bad trip" would have made for more spectacular theater, while reinforcing the point of the play. And perhaps because of the risk of ludicrousness in the scene where we meet the crazed Agave proudly carrying the severed head of her own son, Mildred Dunnock underplays what ought to be a much wilder and more deeply tragic agony.

Nevertheless, the Yale Drama Repertory Theatre production does succeed in relating the ancient play to the current scene of hippies, drugs, and repressive violence without ever losing the basic intent of Euripides' classic.

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PAUL E. ZINNER

A Nation Violated

Having rehabilitated their national image, the Czechoslovaks were probing the limits of the permissible when the Soviets marched in.

THE SOVIET invasion of Czechoslovakia last August has engendered a torrent of documentaries, studies and essays on the country's short, ill-fated drive at freedom and democracy. Overseas, Molden Verlag in Vienna got the jump on its competitors by publishing a German translation last October of A. J. Liehm's *Conversations on the Moldau.* Several tomes in French followed. Among them *The Impossible Heresy,* by Michel Tatu, issued by Grasset, is perhaps the most arresting. Tatu, the able correspondent of *Le Monde,* observed the denouement of the Czechoslovak drama on the spot and from nearby Vienna. Early American tributaries to the flood are *The Czech Black Book,* edited by Robert Littell (Praeger, 302 pp., $6.95); *The Voices,* by Joseph Wechsberg (Doubleday, 113 pp., $3.95), and *Prague's 200 Days,* by Harry Schwartz (Praeger, 274 pp., $5.95).

Considering the subject one can hardly evince surprise at the rush to get out the books. The pity is that it takes a national tragedy to induce authors and publishers to produce a significant quantity of non-periodical literature about an Eastern European country. In ten years there have not been as many titles on Czechoslovakia as during the past six months.

The episodic interest which surges as a rule only in the wake of catastrophic experiences by one or another country in Eastern Europe bespeaks the misfortunes of the entire era. Heightened awareness could not better the fortunes of these nations, but sustained attention, indicative of a continuing serious concern over their affairs, might lead to policy decisions affecting the international political imperatives governing their existence. As it is, one is driven to the ineluctable conclusion that public attitude toward Eastern Europe anywhere in the West—and particularly in the United States—is characterized by indifference. This alone can explain the apathetic response to so monstrous an event as the armed violation of Czechoslovakia's territorial integrity. A French diplomat is alleged to have said that the invasion was merely an accident on the road toward détente in Europe. And anyone who has carefully read President Nixon's reply at his press conference February 6 to a question regarding the nuclear non-proliferation treaty would not find him in basic disagreement.

Unfamiliarity with Czechoslovakia is likely to hinder the reader's understanding of the recently published books, since the haste with which they were readied for the press precluded any but the most perfunctory analysis. None places the developments in Czechoslovakia in an acceptable international framework, and none examines them from a sound perspective on internal history.

The *Czech Black Book,* prepared by the Institute of History of the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences and edited by Robert Littell, and *The*

PAUL E. ZINNER is professor of political science at the University of California, Davis. His publications include *Communist Strategy and Tactics in Czechoslovakia, 1918-48* and *Revolution in Hungary.*

SR: BOOKS

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Voices, by Joseph Wechsberg, are limited in scope to the immediate aftermath of the invasion from August 20 to August 28 and 29 respectively. They do well to concentrate on this brief period of intense civilian opposition to an occupying force—a stand taken in the absence of organized armed resistance and with the greatest uncertainty about the condition of the legitimate organs of the government or the intention of the Soviet invaders. These two works, very dissimilar in content and execution—one is a documentary compilation and the other an "earwitness" commentary—, share a quality of dramatic unity.

OF the two, *The Black Book* is by far the superior as history and literature. Although they may be essential for the scholarly researcher, documentary collections are usually boring for the lay reader. Not this one. Its unadorned rendering of events day by day and even hour by hour pulsates with excitement. Recorded here intact are eyewitness reports of street demonstrations, personal encounters with friends and Russian soldiers, arrests and searches as they were printed in newspapers, which despite the adverse conditions kept appearing, sometimes clandestinely. Also reproduced are texts of resolutions and appeals adopted at meetings of scientists, academicians and factory councils; entries from the archives of institutions that continued to function, such as the government and the National Assembly (which remained in permanent session for a week); proclamations of Communist Party bodies including the secretly held extraordinary Fourteenth Party Congress, which had been scheduled to open on September 9; and radio broadcasts by the *dramatis personae*: President Svoboda, Party Secretary Dubcek, Prime Minister Cernik, and Assembly Chairman Smrkovsky.

At rare times in the course of human affairs events tell their own story more effectively than any interpreter could. Explanations are superfluous. They would either dilute the concentrated essence of the historic drama or demean its majesty by embroidering on it. The compilers of these documents and their American editor are to be congratulated for the judicious restraint they exercised in not annotating their material. Mr. Littell deserves added plaudits for the skill he employed in reducing the Czech language collection to half its original size.

After perusing the documents, one understands how the political thrust of the invaders was thwarted and why no revolutionary government of pro-Soviet collaborators was formed. One acquires an appreciation of the measured response which the legal representatives of the state and the elected delegates of the Communist Party gave to the unspeakable tragedy that engulfed them. By the same token one glimpses the pettiness—not to say cowardice—of human beings, especially in the case of those officials of the secret police who betrayed their country. On the second or third day after the invasion they began to worry about the safety of *their* families in the event that all did not go as the Russians had planned. Minor irritants developing in the relations between the National Assembly and the government even at a time of supreme trial are faithfully mirrored. The pathetic ebbing of life of certain victims of the invasion, among them a Russian soldier, is narrated with stark simplicity.

Individual heroes emerge with unmistakable clarity. One is the aging President Ludvik Svoboda. It is not farfetched to say that his courage and forbearance were the key to the continuation of the legal institutions of the Republic, whatever the worth of that achievement may be in the long run. More importantly it was his deportment that saved the lives of party and government leaders whom the Russians had taken into custody. No doubt the President's spine was stiffened by his perception of the behavior of his people. But the fact is that he did not cave in before the demands of would-be collaborationists backed by the occupation power.

Ultimately the political success of the invasion hinged on his approval of the creation of a new cabinet just as the constitutionality of the Communist *coup d'état* in 1948 depended on President Benes's acceptance of the governmental roster drawn up by party chief Klement Gottwald. Regarding situations such as prevailed in February 1948 and August 1968 it may sound ludicrous to talk of constitutional amenities. Yet in both instances the Communists supported by the Soviet Union were intent on observing some semblance of legality. The reason is not so much their concern for constitutional niceties as their desire to keep the level of violence as low as possible, and to cloak their transgression of the legal norms.

—*From Literarni Listy.*

Dubcek garbed as Ja'nosik, the Slovak counterpart of Robin Hood.

Benes's abject surrender in 1948 gave the Communists what they wanted and contributed to the demoralization and psychological submissiveness of the nation. Svoboda's refusal to buckle under similar pressure denied the Soviet Union the political objective it coveted and had an invigorating effect on the population.

Svoboda's story is told in the documents briefly and simply by a woman whom, I believe, the editor mistakenly identifies as his wife. The same story is related much less satisfactorily by Joseph Wechsberg, who purports to know that when would-be collaborationists confronted the President he shouted at them, "*Ven!*" (out), and they retreated from his stern presence. Maybe this is the way it really happened. But the dramatization sounds contrived.

IN *The Czech Black Book* many other aspects of the popular resistance to the invaders are brought to light: the courage and discipline of the masses, the manner in which people reinforced each other's determination to sustain the honor of the nation, the difficulty in communication and travel between Slovakia and Prague, which curtailed, although it did not totally eliminate, the participation of Slovak representatives in the deliberations of the party and the government. Finally, one is struck, in the concluding section of the volume, by the discordant note between the tone and content of reports that the leaders gave upon their return from Moscow and the dismay and disbelief with which the citizenry greeted the evidence of compromise that was placed before them.

The public had grown so heady with success that it demanded no less than total repudiation of the invasion by the Czech leaders, some of whom had been taken to Russia in chains and had had no reasonable expectation of returning alive to their native land let alone retaining high office. Many people, however, had convinced themselves that it would be possible even to effect a withdrawal of Warsaw Pact troops from their country, and, of course, a restoration of the *status quo ante* August 20.

The Black Book is said to have been intended as a rebuttal to the Soviet White Book, which attempted to show that counterrevolution was rampant in

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Czechoslovakia. It is not so much a rebuttal as an affirmation of the belief of a nation in the righteousness of its cause.

Excellent as the book is, it has flaws. The compilers of the volume may well have found it expedient to limit themselves to documents to which they had easy access. As a result there are maddening gaps in the narrative and a regrettable absence of documents from Slovakia. The unwary reader might easily think that all action took place in Prague. This was not so. Whereas the Czech title is *Seven Days in Prague* the American title is misleading, and an explanation for the omission of Slovak documents should be offered.

Mr. Wechsberg's objective is to preserve for posterity an account of the enormous contribution made by the communications media, especially the radio, to civilian opposition in Czechoslovakia in the harrowing days following the invasion. The title of his book refers to the voices of the announcers of a remarkable network of clandestine stations that remained operational for nine days. How the network was developed and in what miraculous way it was maintained we still do not know. But it was there and its voices filled the air waves spreading information on a wider scale than would otherwise have been possible, linking one end of Czechoslovakia with the other, assuring the population about the steadfastness of citizens everywhere, giving instructions on how to behave toward the occupiers, warning against impending searches and seizures. Mr. Wechsberg listened to these voices in his hotel room in Vienna and sought to capture their essence on paper. Alas, he did not succeed.

IMPORTANT as the radio messages were, they did not provide a coherent story of day-to-day developments. They were often brief and were frequently interrupted by the necessity of concealing the source of the transmission or moving to another location to evade detection. Their piercing staccato had a dramatic quality of its own but it did not suffice to sustain a book. Mr. Wechsberg's attempt at fleshing the bulletins out with his own comments does not come off. Much of what he says is irrelevant and incongruous. At times it is vulgar. His book has occasional shafts of light that in a single sentence illumine the countryside. But they are gone in a flash and darkness descends again, causing the reader to wish for a more permanent source of enlightenment.

Deficient though the book be, *The Voices* pays a much deserved tribute to the broadcasters and calls attention to still another memorable facet of the Czechoslovak story. The achievement of the broadcasters, the part they played in fostering and maintaining resistance was truly outstanding. It was not without precedent. In the Hungarian revolution of 1956, under somewhat different and temporarily more auspicious circumstances, radio stations in the hands of the insurgents performed essentially the same services as did those in Czechoslovakia manned by patriots. But this was *before* Soviet entry into Hungary.

During the brief period that is under scrutiny in *The Black Book* and *The Voices* both Czechs and Slovaks behaved in an uncharacteristic fashion. Neither nation has a strong tradition of heroism, at least not in its recent history. Why then did they show so much courage and bravery?

One might seek the answer in Mr. Schwartz's study, *Prague's 200 Days*, which has quite an ambitious scope. Examining the antecedents of the glorious Czechoslovak spring, Mr. Schwartz describes the highlights from 1948 on. The author recapitulates month by month the process of democratization, and the international ramifications it had —from January 5, when the Stalinist Antonin Novotny was ousted from his post as party chief, to August 20, when the country was invaded. (I do not mean to quibble but by actual count 228 days were involved. Why cheat the Czechs and Slovaks out of twenty-eight of the sweetest days they ever experienced?) Mr. Schwartz also covers the aftermath of the invasion well into late autumn.

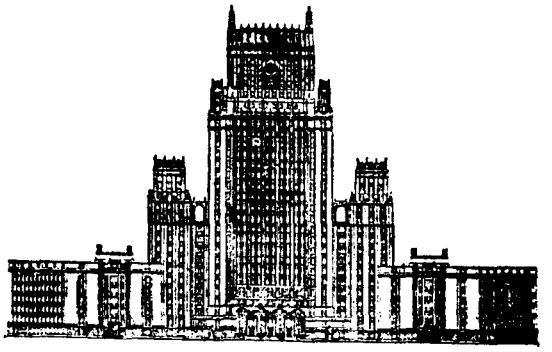
Notwithstanding the mass of information laid out by him, the answer to the question posed above and to other perplexing issues cannot be found in his book. Reading it is like watching a puppet show. The actors—and there are a bewildering number of them—pop up, disappear and reappear. They rush hither and yon ever more frenetically. Although the underlying social processes that give meaning to their actions are not wholly ignored, they are glossed over. This, among other things, accounts for the erroneous identification by Mr. Schwartz of the behavior of the Czech people in the fall of 1968 as *Svejkism*.

Svejkism is a term commonly applied to the behavior pattern of Czechs under occupation. It derives from the name of the good soldier Svejk (usually rendered as "Schweik"), a humorous folk hero created by the Czech writer Jaroslav Hasek. Svejk outwits his superiors often by complying only too punctiliously with their wishes. The Czechs have, in fact, acquired a reputation for being past masters at passive resistance, a skill that they developed over centuries of subjugation by foreign powers. Although *Svejkism* usually does not carry a pejorative connotation, it is not entirely devoid of such a meaning, for passive resistance is really a euphemistic way of describing submissiveness.

IN the last thirty years, since the dismemberment of the Czechoslovak Republic in 1938, the Czechs have had ample opportunity to practice *Svejkism*. With the exception of three years, 1945 to 1948, they have not been masters of their fate. Indeed, they practiced it so adeptly that they became caricatures of the good soldier himself, which is degrading for a nation. Svejk, despite the attributes that permit him to survive adversity and, in the end, to best his oppressors, is not an endearing person. He is no paragon. His moral standards are those of an alley cat. He is a small-time operator, a wheeler-dealer and a glutton. His lack of respect for others is reflected in an absence of self-respect. The truth of the matter is that the Czechs had substantially lost their self-respect by 1967. They acutely felt the shame of their failure to fight for their independence in 1938 and 1948, to put up a stronger resistance to Communism since then and, *in fine*, to contribute to their own liberation in 1945. The so-called Prague uprising in May that year was a puny if not a farcical affair.

One must comprehend this advanced

(*Continued on page* 33)



—*From Literarni Listy.*

"We will negotiate with them as equals, we will negotiate with them as equals, we will negotiate with them as . . ."

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Creating Black Capitalists

In his essay review of my book, *White Power/Black Freedom* [*SR*, Jan. 25], Lewis Steel criticizes what he views as its "two major shortcomings": 1) "no proposals" to ensure the redirection (*i.e.*, involuntary redistribution of wealth and power) of the corporate giants that dominate America's economic life, to ensure much greater black participation (*i.e.*, ownership and control); and 2) "failure to touch on the troublesome problem of how to mobilize Americans to accept the programs outlined" and leaving "everything up to Presidential decisions."

Mr. Steel's first criticism is correct in so far as, under our system of government, national legislation cannot force corporations to share the benefits of stock ownership, corporate or management control with black have-nots. Legislation can only offer attractive incentives to business and industry to share ownership and management control within specified types of geographic or economically depressed areas, including in new cities.

Legislation also can sanction and finance public or quasi-public corporations which would directly or indirectly enable blacks and whites with limited incomes to own shares in business enterprises. Although such legislation in and of itself would not increase the economic power or political decision-making capability of the poor, black or white, it would serve to provide a source of income independent of employment. Realistic approaches to income improvement and transfers, as well as approaches to fostering black ownership and management of corporate enterprise in new and existing cities, are discussed in several sections of the book, especially in the chapter "Conjoining Black Revolution and Private Enterprise."

Of more concern to me than Mr. Steel's criticism of my "oversight" is the fact that black ownership of corporate securities could increase astronomically, resulting from and contributing to black affluence, and the mass of black have-nots still would be relatively powerless and economically disadvantaged. Indeed, the most significant consequence of increased black ownership of corporate common stock and increased black management probably would be a much greater gap between black haves and have-nots, without appreciably closing the income gap between blacks and whites. Creating black capitalists and economic development of black ghettos (*i.e.*, closing the income gap with whites) are different goals. I do not belive that the income gap between whites and blacks can be closed, or the power gap, in the sense of power of choice, while black ghettos persist, even on the scale of whole cities.

Although building up black capital by black community investment in black-owned enterprises thoroughly satisfies the rhetoric of black capitalism, this approach is more likely to reinforce the illusion of greater black control over economic life in black communities than to increase the wealth of the mass of black have-nots. At the same time, in *White Power/Black Freedom* I do describe how a vastly increased capability to attract and productively invest large quantities of capital from white-dominated private enterprises and government, with new educational and development institutions and black control of the decision-making processes, can expand and enrich freedom of choice for blacks segregated in ghetto areas.

Arnold Schuchter,
Medford, Mass.

"As a former temporary resident of that area, I agree with our intelligence service that the natives are in a perpetual state of seething revolt—but it's mostly against the New Haven Railroad."

Personality Flaws

My thanks to Eric Goldman for *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson* [*SR*, Feb. 15].

It seems to me that the Johnson years were far too tragic, but not because of flaws in the President's personality. They were tragic because of flaws in our United States personality. At an unprecedented time, when more has been required of us than ever, when new thinking and behaving are required, even demanded, by the twentieth century's new problems, we have been less willing to respond responsibly, as Lyndon Johnson did, than to make him and other public leaders the sport of our frustrations and angers.

One citizen is deeply grateful for his vision, his efforts, and his achievements, and thinks that he was unquestionably a great President. The tragedy is that we did not make better use of him while the opportunity was ours.

Vernon W. Tagtmeyer,
Arlington, Mass.

Three-toed Sloth

In my opinion, Lyndon Johnson in that most difficult of all positions performed greatly. The tragedy is that he had to contend with so many people whose interests were only their own. Johnson was a "doer"—his enemies on the other side were three-toed sloths. Time has passed them by.

David L. Sims,
Edgewood, Md.

At de Beauvoir's Expense

"Like a ball fan booing the umpire, Simone de Beauvoir was robbed," ends Glendy Culligan's review of Simone de Beauvoir's *Woman Destroyed* [*SR*, Feb. 22]. Miss Culligan has sharpened her wits at Miss de Beauvoir's expense, and I resent it. Although I have not read Miss de Beauvoir's latest novel, I have not read Miss Culligan's either. "Simone de Beauvoir was robbed." May I add: Lots of women have been.

April Rawlings,
Long Beach, Calif.

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

A year ago, in reporting on the Sophomore Literary Festival at Notre Dame, which I had been taking part in, I said that another participant, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., had delivered as funny a lecture as I had ever listened to. A mild-mannered man, respectable and even genteel in appearance, he got away with a series of hilarious and subversive remarks on life and literature. The students had previously thought of him as a writer of science fiction, and had talked of him as such, but they came to realize how much more than that he is.

I felt then, and I feel now more strongly than ever after reading his new book, *Slaughterhouse-Five, or The Children's Crusade* (Delacorte, $5.95), that what he really is is a sardonic humorist and satirist in the vein of Mark Twain and Jonathan Swift. In earlier works, such as *Player Piano, Cat's Cradle,* and *God Bless You, Mr. Goldwater,* he has made fun of the worship of science and technology. Now we can see that his quarrel with contemporary society began with his experiences in World War II, about which he has at last managed to write a book. "I would hate to tell you," he says, "what this lousy little book cost me in money and anxiety and time. When I got home from the Second World War twenty-three years ago, I thought it would be easy for me to write about the destruction of Dresden, since all I would have to do would be to report what I had seen. And I thought, too, that it would be a masterpiece or at least make me a lot of money, since the subject was so big."

He had a mighty theme all right, as Melville had commanded, but that only defined his problem without in any way solving it. So finally he took the advice of the ballad about the old man and his would-be murderous wife, and decided to sneak up from behind. "All this happened, more or less," he writes. "The war parts, anyway, are pretty much true. One guy I knew really *was* shot in Dresden for taking a teapot that wasn't his. Another guy I knew really *did* threaten to have his personal enemies killed by hired gunmen after the war. And so on. I've changed all the names. I really *did* go back to Dresden with Guggenheim money (God love it) in 1967. It looked a lot like Dayton, Ohio, more open spaces than Dayton has. There must be tons of human bone meal in the ground."

But most of the novel is devoted to a character named Billy Pilgrim, who is like Vonnegut in some ways but not in others. Like Vonnegut, Billy was drafted in 1944, was taken prisoner during the Battle of the Bulge, and was in a prison camp near Dresden when the city was wiped out by an Allied air raid. Unlike Vonnegut, Billy became a successful optometrist, thanks to his marrying the right woman, and was kidnapped by a flying saucer and taken to a planet called Tralfamadore. Many times in recent weeks I have been asked whether I think that Philip Roth's notorious hero, Alex Portnoy, is an autobiographical character. I think I can now suggest the correct answer: he is in exactly the same sense that Billy Pilgrim is.

Vonnegut tells us that Billy "has come unstuck in time." Not only can he take off for Tralfamadore whenever he feels like it; he travels backward and forward in his own life, stopping anywhere between birth and death. Thus his story comes to us in bits and pieces and in anything but chronological order. After his ignominious military career, he did rather well according to the standards of the society in which he lived: married a rich if obese wife, drove a special Cadillac, and fathered a son who joined the Green Berets. But he would have found his life dull if it had not been for time travel.

Vonnegut never does get around to describing the raid on Dresden, and that shows the wisdom of the strategy he was finally led to adopt. When the planes came over, Billy and a few other prisoners, together with four of their guards, took refuge in a meat locker, and they survived while 135,000 residents of the city were killed—twice the number killed in Hiroshima. In trying to tell what he and his fellow-survivors saw the next morning when they emerged from the locker, about all Billy can say is, "It was like the moon." It is by this and other kinds of indirection that Vonnegut makes his impression.

Vonnegut's satire sweeps widely, touching on education, religion, advertising, and many other subjects. There is a passage about free will that Mark Twain might have written in his late and bitter years: " 'If I hadn't spent so much time studying Earthlings,' said the Tralfamadorian, 'I wouldn't have any idea what was meant by "free will." I've visited thirty-one inhabited planets in the universe, and I have studied reports on one hundred more. Only on Earth is there any talk of free will.' " There is some amusing business about pornography: the first obscene photograph, made in France soon after the invention of the camera and quickly suppressed by the government, turns up in 1967 as the *pièce de résistance* of a collection in a sordid store on Times Square.

But the central target is the institution of war. Most of the Americans among whom Billy is taken prisoner are young, poorly trained, and by that time completely demoralized. A British colonel, who has been in prison for four years, is appalled by their youthfulness. "My God, my God," he says. "It's the Children's Crusade"—thus providing the book with its subtitle. The terrible destruction of Dresden is, as Vonnegut sees it, an example of the way the military mind operates. (He quotes a military historian to the effect that the raid served no essential purpose.) He shows that in great matters as in small war is brutal and stupid, and he lets us look at the institution from the point of view of the Tralfamadorians. He draws practical conclusions too: "I have told my sons that they are not under any circumstances to take part in massacres, and that the news of massacres of enemies is not to fill them with satisfaction or glee. I have also told them not to work for companies which make massacre machinery, and to express contempt for people who think we need machinery like that."

Like Mark Twain, Vonnegut feels sadness as well as indignation when he looks at the damned human race. Billy Pilgrim is a compassionate man, and meditates a good deal on the life and teachings of Jesus and on institutionalized Christianity. (Billy's favorite science fiction writer, Kilgore Trout, has written his own version of the story of Jesus.) Partly as a result of what he has learned on Tralfamadore, Billy is to some extent reconciled to life as it is lived on Earth. But Vonnegut is not, and in this book he has expressed his terrible outrage.

Addressing his editor, Seymour Lawrence, Vonnegut says: "Sam—here's the book. It is so short and jumbled and jangled, Sam, because there is nothing intelligent to say about a massacre." But, as I have been trying to explain, it turns out to be quite a wonderful book. As I read it, I could hear Vonnegut's mild voice, see his dead pan as he told a ludicrous story, and gasp as I grasped the terrifying implications of some calm remark. Even though he is not to be identified with Billy Pilgrim, he lives and breathes in the book, and that is one reason why it is the best he has written.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

After the Revolution America was temporarily without a usable past, for up until then her history had been only a part of the British story. This lacuna was not filled until the early years of the nineteenth century, and it is not surprising that biography was one of the earliest forms of American historiography, for the new nation required its heroes, its patterns of public morality, dedication, and service. As always with biography that attempts to teach by example, mythical anecdotes quickly adorned the lives of Washington, Franklin, and others. Parson Weems invented his facts in the pursuit of higher truth.

Throughout the nineteenth century most countries had their heroes. The English idolized that narrow-minded, arrogant, swashbuckling pirate, Sir Francis Drake; the French revered Henri IV, who had so generously placed a chicken in every peasant's pot; the Germans saw in Frederick Barbarossa the great progenitor of their mystical destiny; the Scots romanticized Bonnie Prince Charlie. The past was filled with names by which the young could be instructed in virtue and, above all, have their patriotism fertilized. And what juvenile histories did garishly, academic biographies did solemnly and at enormous length. Dr. Nares's *Life of Lord Burleigh,* about Queen Elizabeth I's famous minister, filled 2,000 closely printed pages, weighed over sixty pounds, and incurred the magnificent wrath of Lord Macaulay. It had plenty of successors: multi-volume biographies marmorealized the leading statesmen of all countries in turgid prose. After all, the influence of men on history was thought to be paramount, and the lives of others, whether saints or sinners, were the surest guides to social or private behavior. This plethora of biographies provided a few masterpieces, but very few; for the art of biography was little understood and never studied. One began with the birth and trudged on and on to the death. It was a solemn, portentous genre, a funeral monument in prose.

Then in the twentieth century there came a vast change. Like narrative history, biography began to fall out of fashion with the academic world. Historians believed less and less in the ability of a single man to change the course of history. Individual lives interested them less than social movements, economic forces, conflicts of class and political institutions and parties. True, the multi-volume biography lingered on in America after it had lost favor in Western Europe, but even so a Freeman or a Randall never secured the professional interest of his peers as did a Turner or a Beard.

Having been dropped by the scholars, biography was taken up by imaginative writers whose goal was popular appeal. Lytton Strachey made a fortune out of his ironic debunking of the lives of the great Victorians and their Queen. Now Catherine Drinker Bowen shows in *Biography: The Craft and the Calling* (Little, Brown, $5.95) how a combination of scholarship, compassion, and literary dexterity can produce a best-seller on even a seemingly dull subject like Sir Edward Coke. Such biography is intended to entertain, to provide a lively story that performs the same function as a good novel or play—to deepen our understanding of men and women. This is a perfectly legitimate aim. The human character and its interaction with events have a perennial fascination.

Indeed, for Mrs. Bowen it is the primary fascination, as she makes quite clear in her new book. Her approach is that of the craftsman: she explains how to capture the reader's attention with a dramatic opening, how to select colorful background material, how to use quotations effectively, how to handle citations and footnotes. The book is as skillful and practical as a first-class manual for stage designers. To Mrs. Bowen, the personality of the subject is the biographer's first concern; the second is to make historical events and background intelligible. It is hard to quarrel with such exemplary advice, and yet I find Mrs. Bowen's book both disturbing and, at times, distasteful. Her eye is firmly on the consumer, and one cannot but feel that her primary objective is to beguile, though in the most professional and accomplished way. Craft has won at the expense of calling. In Mrs. Bowen's hands biography becomes a part of "creative" writing rather than a method of historical investigation.

John McPhee's *A Roomful of Hovings and Other Profiles* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95) contains slick biographical sketches that never miss out on Mrs. Bowen's technical recommendations. Mr. McPhee is so concerned with keeping his readers amused that subtle distortion occurs time and time again. The account of how Thomas Hoving traced the origin of a medieval ivory cross to Bury St. Edmunds reads as if it were an almost miraculous achievement of intuition and scholarship, when it was no more than a commonplace piece of methodical research. The outstanding quality of this book is its immense readability. I am sure the facts are accurate, but truth is obscured by surface glitter. Mr. McPhee's profiles are the natural outcome of Lytton Strachey's approach to biography and of Mrs. Bowen's techniques. What is missing from all three is the dimension of history. Human life is important not only for itself, its own richness, its own conflicts, its own dra-

"I'm out of love potion—have you tried gin?

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ma, but for the interplay between it and the social forces of which it is the puppet or, on rare occasions, the master. To understand Sir Edward Coke, or even Mr. Thomas Hoving, requires a sensitive appreciation of the historical conditions that molded their attitudes to life and gave rise to their preoccupations. It is because this interplay is so extremely difficult to analyze with exactitude that historians have fought shy of biography.

In the history of ideas, however, there has been less reluctance to use biographical methods in order to delineate the ideology of an age and to describe the influence of individual thinkers. No one does this more beautifully, with greater scholarship or precision of thought, than Richard Hofstadter. His latest book, and certainly one of his finest, *The Progressive Historians* (Knopf, $8.95), handles the biographical method with superb skill. His Turner, Beard and Parrington are not only men of flesh and blood, impelled toward their careers both by their ideas and their natures; they are also the children of circumstances, whose opportunities arose from their environments and the moment in time when they lived. Hofstadter shows the subtle effects of history and personality on minds of keen intelligence, minds whose profundity not only produced great historians but also helped shape the thought of their age. The intellectual excitement of *The Progressive Historians* surpasses all the contrivance, the local color, the neatly arranged drama of popular biography. And it shows how, in the hands of a fine scholar, the biographical method can be used for historical analysis in depth.

It would be a pity if biography were to be left to the entertainers. Certainly the modern historian cannot treat the heroes of the past with the solemnity of his predecessors; but the interplay of impersonal forces and human character is not only one of the greatest fascinations of history, it is also one of its greatest problems. There are signs of a revival in biographical studies amongst academic historians, and there have been one or two notable successes, such as Robert Blake's *Disraeli*, J. J. Scarisbrick's *Henry VIII*, and Ragnhild Hatton's *Charles XII*. In each of these the authors faced first and foremost the problem of understanding not only the man but his era. The volumes are historical biography and not mere biography, written not simply to entertain but to teach. They pursue the business of history, which is to make sense of the past and not to turn it into a magic-lantern show.

Grotesquely Smeared by Insoluble Mess

The Chair: A Historical Novel, *by Joel Lieber (McKay. 181 pp. $4.50), has as protagonist a small-town dentist who, though the victim of a slander campaign, punctures his agonies with a biting wit. Robert Maurer is chairman of the Literature Department at Antioch College.*

By ROBERT MAURER

ON ONE LEVEL "the chair" in this novel could be the hot seat, the figurative death-dealing mechanism on which its hero, Dr. Sidney Pfeiffer, is condemned by unknown judges for crimes he did not commit. If this sounds like Kafka, it shouldn't. Joel Lieber's title contains the only double-leveled suggestion in his book, and even it is a simple metaphor for a specific social situation.

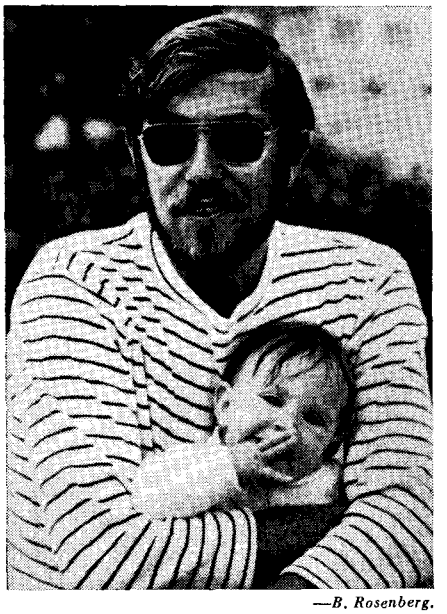
Straightforward, no-nonsense fiction about Jews is rare in these days of Malamud, Bellow, and Roth, when Jewish heroes are routinely asked to carry such a load of meaning and suggestion as to make them somehow essential, even mythical prototypes for all Jews and all Americans, if not for all suffering humanity. Seymour Epstein's novels occur to me as notable exceptions. *The Chair* is another. Suffer though he does, this hero is a Jew, not Jewishness. He is a particular citizen of Oakdale, Connecticut, not the American experience. His background is as concrete and circumstantial as those in yesterday's civil liberties cases. And for all these reasons Lieber rightly subtitles his third work "A Historical Novel."

Overwhelming any metaphorical intention is the prosaic dentist's chair in which Pfeiffer treats his patients—or used to. For when we first meet him he is the victim of a slander campaign that is sapping his once flourishing practice, and hence his livelihood. The townspeople are sure that his anti-Vietnam, pro-radical-college-student views are inimical to their well-being. That his wife is a member of "Mothers for Fluoridation" and an open-housing committee doesn't help, nor does the shortness of his daughter's miniskirts.

The story takes the form of a growing realization and a sickening descent. Every innocent gesture made by Pfeiffer or his family adds to widespread rumors concocted by unknown assailants: the doctor is seducing anesthetized patients; he drills good teeth, then fills them; like all Jews, he has Commie connections. Not knowing how or whom to fight, getting no help from either liberal citizens or the Jewish community, Pfeiffer is pushed relentlessly towards an open chute, and down he plunges. Before his story ends, he knows only how far he has fallen, how totally he has been victimized.

If at times Lieber writes like an S.D.S.-er in heat, it is because so much depends upon conditions external to his protagonist, who is constantly surrounded by an insoluble mess. Vietnam. Anti-Semitism. The Red scare. Neo-fascist organizations. The attraction of violence. The military-industrial complex. The timidity of the decent. Deep-seated sexual hang-ups. The threat of instantaneous disintegration. These are Pfeiffer's moments in history, as they are ours, and no solutions are adequate. Liquidate everything, he is advised by his butcher: "Is dere anyting wort saving?" Apparently not. Be realistic, his wife urges when he decides to set off like Gauguin for some jungle paradise. "Well, that's just what I'm doing," he tells her. "I'm seeing that it's not . . . it's not a bad *dream*. It's a bad *real thing*."

But the grim seriousness of this conclusion, associated as it is with the need to change our society from top to bottom, doesn't mean that *The Chair* is cast in an old-fashioned mold, like some 1930s protest fiction. The tone of *The Chair* is as new as a plastic knife, and comical as well. Perhaps that explains why the novel never completely coheres. Bouncing through his agonies with an endless reserve of determination, gusto, courage, and biting wit, Sidney Pfeiffer is an incongruous contrast to the people he meets, most of them pure types, all of them with unexplored motives, and some of them too vicious to be managed with breezy humor. His casual sexual affairs and miscellaneous adventures are similarly grotesque diversions. So that when he is suddenly involved in a body-painting orgy for two naked couples, it is hard to see how a man can engage



—*B. Rosenberg.*

Joel Lieber—"hilarious view."

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himself with such enthusiasm and vitality at a time when the odds are so much against him.

Perhaps, Lieber is saying this is the only solution—the testimony of one particular man who is fully alive. If so, then one can only conclude that his is a strange if hilarious view of history.

Biela's Small Crises

A Hidden Life, *by Autran Dourado, translated from the Portuguese by Edgar H. Miller, Jr. (Knopf. 150 pp. $4.50), recalls in its story about a withdrawn, self-effacing Brazilian woman Flaubert's "Un Coeur Simple." Donald A. Yates, who is a professor of Spanish-American literature at Michigan State University, returned last year from Buenos Aires, where he was a Fulbright lecturer in American literature.*

By DONALD A. YATES

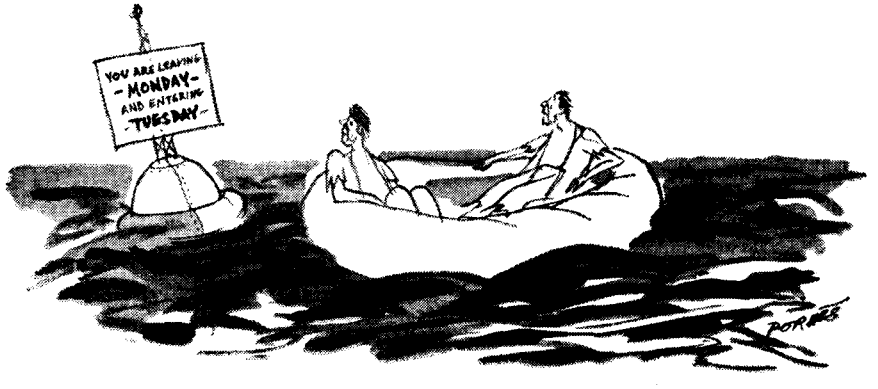
AUTRAN DOURADO is from Minas Gerais, a state in the Brazilian interior which in recent years has provided the setting for a notably large number of excellent novels and short stories. The authors of these narratives thus have begun to describe the texture of life in that great region, as Erico Verissimo for many years has been doing for Rio Grande do Sul, Jorge Amado for the prodigious Brazilian Northeast, and Clarice Lispector for the metropolitan life of the coastal area.

Although Autran Dourado has produced other novels (his *A Barca dos Homens* was named Book of the Year by the Brazilian Union of Writers in 1961), *A Hidden Life* (1964) is the first of his works to be published outside his native country; in 1967 the German version appeared, and now we have the English translation.

The novel is a brief, poetic, but tightly controlled account of an inconspicuous existence so far removed from the broad social channels into which it might well have been directed that it seems, in a sense, a "secret life" (which, incidentally, is the original Portuguese title). Dourado tells the story of Biela, a young country girl reared in the rural surroundings of Fundão Farm, a large ranch managed by her widowed father. Brought into town after his death to live with her uncle and his family, she is compelled to adapt to a new world.

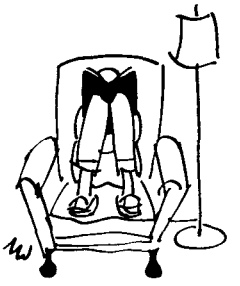
The small crises of Biela's life are ticked off by the author with almost Olympian detachment: at first she appears to gain a sense of self and to blossom in the new environment, but something within her shrinks; she attracts a suitor, but he wanders off; intimate friendships always seem on the verge of developing, but time and circumstances dissipate them. Gradually, Biela withdraws from the family circle and finds her place among the servants in the kitchen. They are like her. The years pass; she grows old. One day she finds a hungry stray dog and takes it home to live with her in the shabby back room into which she has retreated.

The similarities between Dourado's *A Hidden Life* and Flaubert's *Un Coeur Simple* are obvious, and extend even to the exalted mystical vision involving their pet that both self-effacing women experience. This makes *A Hidden Life* a curious candidate for translation. There is no dramatically Brazilian aspect to the work, no fresh insight into life, no arresting characterizations. It is as if the author proposed to transfer Flaubert's simple tale to a milieu that he was more familiar with and rewrite it—as a sort of literary exercise. Edgar H. Miller's smoothly flowing English version suggests that Dourado writes clearly and with distinction. But, nonetheless . . .



Lucky Jim Meets Lolita: Thomas Hinde is an English writer who has apparently put in a stint as visiting professor at some State U. between the Ohio River and the Rockies. His tenth novel, *High* (Walker, $5.95), is about an English writer who is putting in a stint as visiting professor at some State U. between the Ohio River and the Rockies. This English writer is writing a novel about an English writer who is putting in a stint as visiting professor at some State U. between the Ohio River and the Rockies. In the actual reading all this is just about as dreary as it sounds in summary.

Now I happen to be putting in a stint at a State U. between the Ohio and the Rockies myself, where some of my colleagues are visitors from the British Isles; but even this piquant local situation has not helped me to work up much enthusiasm for Mr. Hinde's novel. There is some mild satire in the book, but after Mary McCarthy, Bernard Malamud,



John Barth, and others, Hinde's Academe is not very groovy. (When did Academe contract some rare disease of the blood and become Academia, anyway?) His scene is liberally sprinkled with "realistic" detail, and his students make a manful attempt to speak American slang, but the slang often slips into things like "arse about face" (for "ass backwards") and "give over" (for "quit it"), and the details never come together to form a coherent picture of even the surface of American life.

As far as its action is concerned, this novel might be subtitled "Lucky Jim Meets Lolita." Our visiting Englishman, who is a duller, less engaging variation on the Lucky Jim model, meets an older, somewhat Candified Lolita and proves his pleasures with her almost to the point of impotence. The postcoital climax of their affair is a long, painstakingly narrated LSD trip, with all the usual audio-visual effects, after which our chastened novelist climbs down from his acid high and finishes his novel about the English writer who, etc.

Perhaps struggling with Andy Warhol's *a* has given me a tolerance for anything that even tries to be a novel, regardless of whether or not it succeeds. And *High* does try. It is not a disaster, just a mediocre piece of fictional journeywork, by a man who apparently grinds out his books rapidly for an expectant British audience. As a first novel, this would seem, in the ritual word, "promising." As a tenth, it is a bit depressing. —ROBERT SCHOLES.

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Passage of Pulpit from Past to Future

Truthfulness: The Future of the Church, *by Hans Küng, translated from the German by Edward Quinn (Sheed & Ward. 185 pp. $4.50), and* ***A Christian-Communist Dialogue,*** *by Roger Garaudy and Quentin Lauer, S.J. (Doubleday. 190 pp. $4.95), represent efforts to "compensate for the Catholic Church's neglect of positive, constructive intercourse with the trends of modern times." Paul K. Cuneo is book editor and associate managing editor of the Jesuit magazine, America.*

By PAUL K. CUNEO

DESPITE THEIR DISPARATE THEMES, these two books share a common ground. They are both products of what the Swiss theologian Hans Küng, in his introductory chapter "On the Situation," calls the "transitional stage" in which the Catholic Church finds itself, "between the pre-conciliar and the post-conciliar structures, in the passage from the past to the future." Neither book could have been written ten years ago, and quite possibly ten years from now both may seem dated, even obvious. But at this moment they are pertinent.

Hans Küng's *Truthfulness: The Future of the Church* is a much more complex and subtle book than the title might suggest. It is not a contribution to the tradition, recently and prominently expounded by James Kavanaugh in *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church,* that holds the Catholic Church to be a mixture of hypocrisy and evasion. Küng is a convinced member of the Church he is writing about—and how strongly convinced becomes evident as one reads his book.

Nor is he one who finds verification of his thesis in every incident and under every bush. In Chapter IV of the first part of the volume and in other sections he makes it clear that he recognizes the dangers of false candor: "The neglect of truthfulness leads to hypocrisy, but the exaggeration of truthfulness leads to destructive fanaticism." He cites Augustine's "'*veritas homicida,*' a murderous truth," and the honesty Bonhoeffer calls "Satanic truth," one which "callously sacrifices the common good and the welfare of other people."

But still he concludes and effectively demonstrates that all too often the contemporary Church, like other institutions persuaded of their importance, is susceptible to the idea that what seems momentarily necessary to protect herself must be right.

The heart of Küng's book is found in Chapter III of the first part. Here he notes that the Church, Protestant as well as Catholic, must never forget that her primary purpose is not to preserve her own existence, nor even to "bring about, build up, erect the kingdom of God" from her own resources and achievements. Rather she must "constantly point beyond herself to the reign of God which she awaits as the critical fulfillment of her mission."

"Does not a Church," Küng asks, "place herself in chains, does she not enslave herself, does she not become untruthful, if she forgets in this present age whom she has to obey, if she seizes dominion for herself, makes herself sovereign, sets herself up as mistress?" Küng's point is simply that when the Church forgets that she is a means to God's ends, and instead sees herself as an institution that she herself must preserve and enlarge, then she is bound to find herself making decisions on the basis of what is most "prudent," most "feasible," most "practical," most anything but simply truthful.

ALL this may seem theoretical and abstract; it becomes concrete when Küng cites as an example the reasoning of the conservative minority group in the commission appointed by Pope Paul VI to study the birth control question before he issued his encyclical. The conservatives, according to Küng, honestly and correctly answered a whole series of questions (more honestly and correctly, one infers from Küng's comments, than the liberal majority group) until they came to the final question and had to face the effect of accepting birth control. This, they believed, would involve admitting that the Church was in error, and this they could not do; therefore they could not consider the acceptance

of birth control. Küng, of course, is not here concerned about the question of birth control; he is concerned with the reasoning that in this instance led to its rejection—an example of how truthfulness becomes a casualty.

Hans Küng is not a stylist, as any one of his passages of Germanic playfulness demonstrates. His books are read for what he says, rather than for how he says it. But what he says is said with a simple openness, as though complete honesty is no real difficulty. This is a man, the reader is convinced, who is not worried about how well or how ill his book will be received, but rather how right or how wrong it is.

In the early pages of Küng's book he declares that Catholics must make "a great effort to compensate for the Catholic Church's neglect of positive, constructive intercourse with the trends of modern times." In *A Christian-Communist Dialogue* Quentin Lauer, S.J., professor of philosophy at Fordham University and a recognized expert on modern philosophy and Communism, is doing just that as he engages in dialogue with Roger Garaudy, noted French Communist writer.

For about ten years, Garaudy comments early in the book, Christian-Communist dialogue consisted mainly of a discussion of the possibility of dialogue between the two camps. Then, in October 1967, the World Council of Churches sponsored a meeting in Geneva of Protestants, Orthodox Christians, Roman Catholics, and Marxists to study concrete problems. That was the beginning of a new phase, and this book is one of the first contributions to it.

At one point Garaudy claims that Lauer's opposition to a particular point does not stem from the fact that Lauer is a Christian but from the fact that he is an American ("and—I hope you will pardon me—a little too susceptible to a certain political propaganda, which you accept uncritically"). This question of what might be called the identity of the two discussants is important. Just as Garaudy claims that some of Lauer's stands are more influenced by his Americanism than by his Christianity, so one might ask if Garaudy is really a Communist or if he is an intellectual whose investigations have developed a philosophical position that he calls Communism but which not many Communists would identify as such. Lauer says: "Neither of us could claim to be thoroughly representative of one side or the other side," and in their jointly written epilogue the two point out that this has been "a dialogue between *a* Christian and *a* Marxist, not a dialogue between Christianity and Marxism."

BUT it is important that Lauer and Garaudy be representative enough to make it possible for their argument to open out and involve others on both sides. The co-authors recognize this and express the hope at the end of the book that what they have said may lead to a wider discussion. In a later volume they would like to include contributions from readers as well as further statements by themselves. This expansion of the discussion would fulfill the "purpose for which this dialogue was instituted in the first place."

The exchange thus far—the recognition of shared values and purposes, as well as the clarifying of dividing issues—is interesting and valuable. But there is a tentativeness to it, a sense of beginning, that seems to make the material more appropriate for a journal or a paperback. It does not seem to fit easily between hard covers.

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Still Paying for Hitlerism

A Peace Policy for Europe, *by Willy Brandt, translated from the German by Joel Carmichael (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 225 pp. $5.95), offers a reasoned approach to the solution of the German problem and the search for the basis of accommodation between East and West. Frank Altschul has been for many years the chairman of the international committee of the National Planning Association.*

By FRANK ALTSCHUL

IN A PARAGRAPH apparently inserted just before publication, Willy Brandt underscores the fact—obvious throughout his book—that it was written long before those "promising developments took place in Czechoslovakia" which led to armed intervention by the Soviet Union. On this account much of *A Peace Policy for Europe* has in some measure been dated by events. However, this should not be allowed to discourage anyone from reading what is a most interesting contribution to the current debate. For the author recognized that there were no quick or easy solutions to the problems of a divided Germany and a divided Europe. And it may be that the realization of his hopes has merely been subjected to a further and unanticipated delay.

Encouragement for a degree of optimism is to be found in the revealing light the book throws on the mental attitude of a highly placed member of the German Cabinet. This attitude, if it prevails, could in the long run lead to the liquidation of the tragic heritage of World War II. For it is based, in the first instance, on a frank recognition of the fact that "even twenty-five years after the end of the war we still have to bear the consequences of Hitlerism. No one who fails to realize this can forge a wise policy for Germany, and anyone who believes himself capable of managing without an emphatic break with that past will founder. Neo-Nazism is treason to fatherland and nation."

THERE can be no question but that the German Vice Chancellor is honestly seeking to find a way to the gradual attainment of that world order the establishment of which we too have at heart. But the "moral position" of Germany—the heavy burden it has to bear two decades after the end of Hitlerism—is not the only obstacle that in his view must be overcome. There remains the continuing unwillingness on the other side of the Iron Curtain, whether for propaganda purposes or not, to recognize the sincerity of the transformation in German thinking. In Brandt's words: "Anyone who wishes to vilify our policy of détente and peace and denounce the Federal Republic of Germany as a state lusting after revenge and hostile to peace would be pursuing a policy that was neither convincing nor promising

for the future. Such forces run the danger of playing the role themselves that they are imputing to others."

Throughout the book one cannot fail to be impressed by the author's sense not only of morality but of realism as well. There was a time when the reunification of Germany seemed the most immediate and urgent of questions. The German Democratic Republic was in fact little more than the Soviet zone of occupation on which had been imposed a government answerable to Moscow. Although in large measure this is still true, in the light of nearly twenty-five years of history it is no longer relevant. For, as Willy Brandt emphasizes, "the German problem can be solved only in connection with a general European settlement and can be advanced only in a situation of accommodation between East and West."

AN accommodation between East and West has not been made easier to achieve by Mr. Brezhnev's recent assertion of "the right of Moscow to intervene, at will, in any country anywhere in the world which had ever gone 'Socialist' and was threatened by 'counterrevolution.'" Whether or not this proves to be little more than an exercise in eloquent and explosive demagoguery, the reasoned approach to the solution of the German problem and the search for the basis of accommodation between East and West, to which the author devotes most of his book, is entitled to serious consideration on both sides of the Iron Curtain and on both sides of the Atlantic. Undeviating attachment to the Western Alliance and in particular to the United States is a recurring theme. And in sharp contrast to another voice from Western Europe are these welcome words: "No German statesman aware of his responsibilities—and for that matter no German at all in the Federal Republic whose memory is still intact—would wish or be able to forget that our ascension to economical prosperity

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THE DICKENS

The characters at the left are associated with the places in the center. Janet Brasco of Huntington, L.I., N.Y., would have you put each in his or her place, and into the right novel. It all comes out happily on page 62.

1. Jarvis Lorry ( )	a. Marshalsea Prison	A. *Nicholas Nickleby*
2. John Willet ( )	b. Cloisterham Cathedral	B. *Great Expectations*
3. Arthur Clennam ( )	c. Tellson's Bank	C. *Martin Chuzzlewit*
4. Poor Jo ( )	d. Dotheboys Hall	D. *Pickwick Papers*
5. Mrs. Lupin ( )	e. Satis House	E. *Tale of Two Cities*
6. "Rogue" Riderhood ( )	f. Manor Farm, Dingley Dell	F. *Bleak House*
7. Betsey Trotwood ( )	g. Stone Lodge	G. *Barnaby Rudge*
8. Thomas Gradgrind ( )	h. Blunderstone Rookery	H. *Edwin Drood*
9. Wackford Squeers ( )	i. Tom-all-Alone's	I. *Our Mutual Friend*
10. John Jasper ( )	j. Maypole Inn	J. *Little Dorrit*
11. Miss Havisham ( )	k. The Blue Dragon	K. *David Copperfield*
12. Mr. Wardle ( )	l. Plashwater Weir-Mill Lock	L. *Hard Times*

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and our evolution in Western Europe is due in special measure to the postwar policy of our American partner."

In a survey so comprehensive in nature, the author of necessity refers to Vietnam, expressing "a profound compassion for the suffering Vietnamese people" and an "urgent desire for a peaceful settlement of the conflict." In regard to the Middle East Germany has followed a policy of noninterference. But this, in the author's words, "does not mean that we could accept a policy aimed at the destruction of the State of Israel; that would be morally reprehensible and would run counter to the properly understood interests of all parties"—a sentiment which will be widely echoed in the United States.

TOWARD the end Willy Brandt turns to the control of the atom. Here he deals briefly with some phases of the much discussed Non-Proliferation Treaty and with disarmament in general. But, like the rest of us, he fails to come to grips with the basic question: Does it not savor of insanity that the Soviet Union and the United States should both be devoting vast resources, human and material, to the building up of stockpiles of thermonuclear weapons and delivery systems which, it is generally assumed, can only be used at the cost of national suicide?

Figures in Finance

The Money Men of Europe, *by Paul Ferris (Macmillan. 278 pp. $6.95), predicts that within a decade American bankers will have an even more commanding role than at present in European finance. Sterling W. Clements is vice president and investment officer for one of the largest trust companies in the Middle West.*

By STERLING W. CLEMENTS

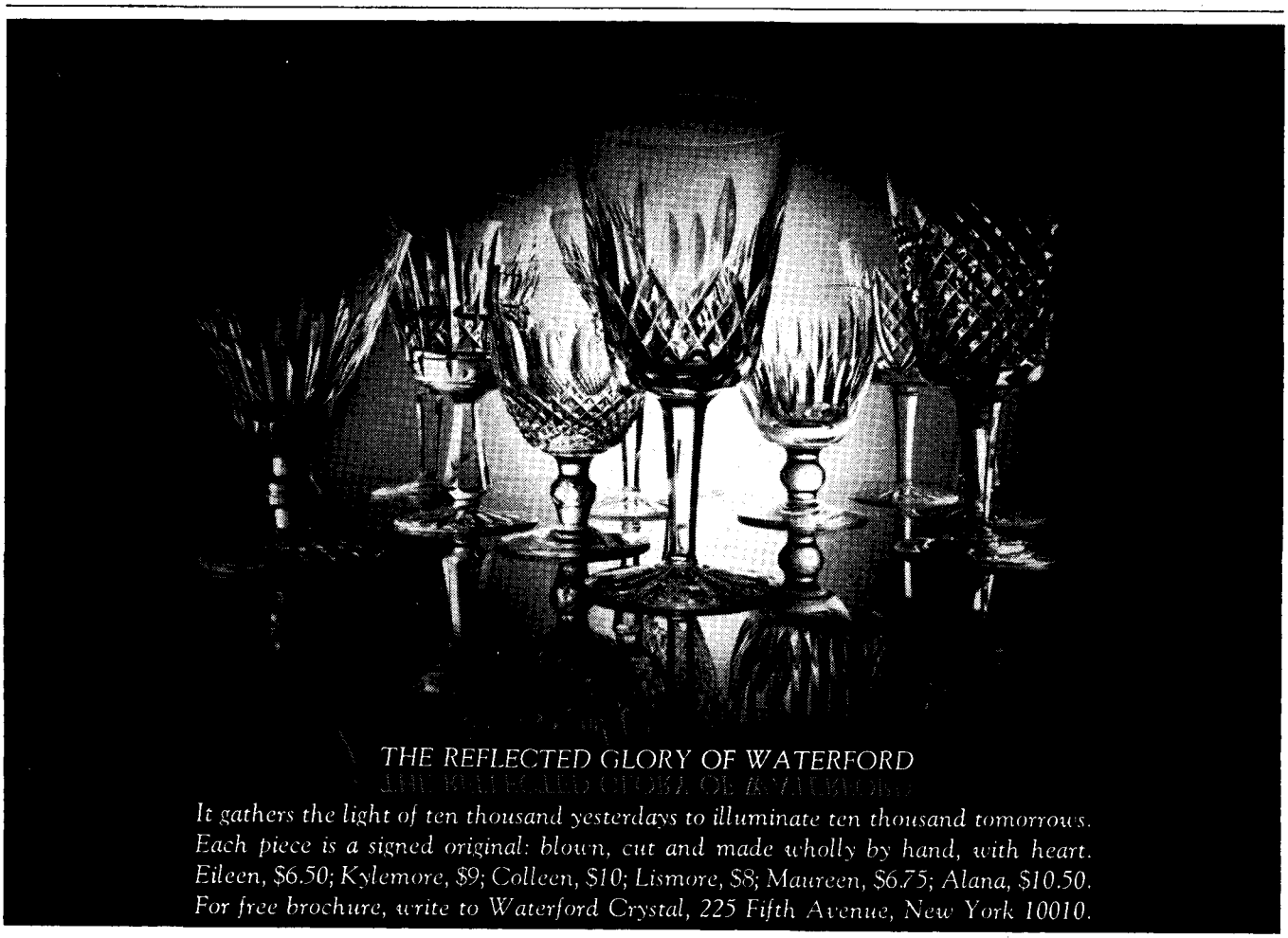
OUT OF THE EUROPEAN commercial revolution, which began in the early years of the fifteenth century and was later stimulated by the large amounts of gold and silver bullion brought to the Continent from the mines of Mexico and South America, came the rise of capitalism and the dissolution of the power of the guilds. Another consequence was the growth of banking as a legitimate business, which brought about the establishment of the Medicis in Florence, the Fuggers in Augsburg, and other European families as important banking firms.

In his latest book, *The Money Men of Europe,* Paul Ferris, with clarity and wit, pictures the realm of European finance as it is affected by traditions, loyalties, politics, and religious influences. He dwells, however, only briefly on the past, focusing instead on the people, places, and events that have recently highlighted the banking and investment scene. Ferris, the author of *The City,* a study of London's "Wall Street," describes the important British, Swiss, and Common Market money centers, but his emphasis is on international finance.

An early chapter deals with the change in attitudes of European bankers toward postwar innovations in public relations, advertising media, and company financial reports, induced perhaps by the growing competition from the world's new traveling bankers, the Americans, who are hungry for business and are ruthlessly acquiring it. The Welsh author, who has had firsthand encounters with important financial leaders in Western European countries, reveals some of their points of weakness and strength.

In Italy, for example, outwitting the tax collector has become a national pastime practiced with enthusiasm. Many bankers indicated that companies commonly produce a series of balance sheets: an optimistic one for them, a pessimistic one for the authorities, and an accurate one for their chairman's file.

Public and private enterprise in Italy cooperate successfully without anyone being sure of the exact balance of power between them; for instance, the ubiqui-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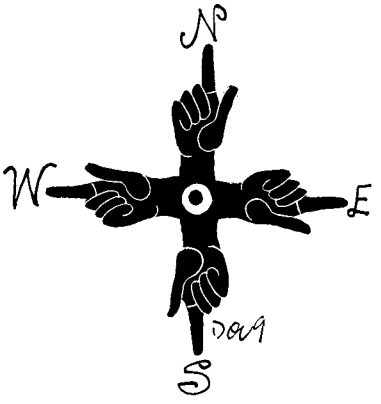
tous Instituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale, a state holding company better known as I.R.I., is involved in the ownership of much of the country's financial and industrial activity. Originally formed by the Mussolini government to salvage a collapsing banking system, I.R.I. grew to such a degree that it controls the four major banks, more than half of Italy's steel output, Alitalia Airlines, Alfa-Romeo automobile company, and even the radio and television network, RAI.

Ferris tells of the silent but powerful influence of the Church in the Italian business community. The name of Dr. Massimo Spada, formerly the administrative secretary of the Vatican's bank, pops up repeatedly on the boards of Italian corporations and banks. "The presence of Dr. Spada means that the Vatican has some of its money there."



Dr. Otmar Emminger of Germany's Bundesbank and Guido Carli, governor of the Bank of Italy, are just two of the many bankers whose importance to the European money market is delineated.

Switzerland, Luxembourg, and Liechtenstein, those tax-free oases for the harried wealthy, also figure importantly in the book. "As far as the Swiss are concerned," Mr. Ferris writes, "funds owned by firms, trusts, banks and individuals anywhere in the world can flow unhindered into Switzerland and be redeposited elsewhere." Besides the element of privacy that Swiss banks provide, as set by law, this small country has maintained for decades a political and financial stability that gives holders of wealth a safe and warm feeling. When banker Hans J. Bär of Zurich addressed the Economic Research Council in London in 1966, he summarized the orthodox philosophy of the Swiss money man:

> "A country where social welfare is still to a large extent within the sphere of the individual and his employer, [Switzerland] cannot help but look with suspicion and perhaps a little bit of envy upon a country [Britain] where the Welfare State is written with capital letters at the expense of an almost permanent budgetary deficit, which

(*Continued on page* 36)

Unafraid Pen from the Ukraine

The Chornovil Papers, *compiled by Vyacheslav Chornovil, translated from the Russian by Bohdan R. Bociurkiw and others (McGraw-Hill. 246 pp. $6.95), a document smuggled out of the Soviet Union, attacks the court that sentenced the author to a labor camp for its disregard of Soviet law. Marvin Kalb, CBS diplomatic correspondent in Washington, has been a member of the U.S. Embassy staff in Moscow and CBS representative in the Soviet Union.*

By MARVIN KALB

VYACHESLAV CHORNOVIL, a thirty-year-old Ukrainian journalist, should have been released from a year and a half of hard labor in a Mordovian prison camp by the time this review appears. On November 15, 1967, he was sentenced to three years, but his sentence was reduced first by three months (spent in prison prior to his closed trial), and then by eighteen months as part of a general amnesty to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution.

His crime? In the fall of 1965 Chornovil, a graduate of the Faculty of Journalism at the University of Kiev, covered the trials of some dissident Ukrainian intellectuals. He was appalled by the court's disregard of Soviet law. When he was summoned to appear as a witness at one of the trials, he refused. His subsequent arrest by the KGB (Committee on State Security, better known as the "secret police") did not surprise him.

The Chornovil Papers is an extraordinary book. It is probably the boldest, most scathing indictment of the abuses of the Soviet system ever to reach the West. It is also the story of a young Communist, a pure product of the system, a member of the Komsomol and a devoted Leninist, whose mind ranges almost miraculously beyond the narrow confines of standard Marxist dogma. Chornovil could argue brilliantly with Mark Rudd in New York, or Daniel Cohn-Bendit in Paris, or Maxim Litvinov in Moscow, and understand them all. He feels for the underdog and, in the nationality context of the Soviet Union, this is natural.

Chornovil believes in the right of Ukrainians to speak their own language, read their own literature, attend their own theaters, and study in their own schools. He sees nothing inconsistent in being proud of one's nationality—in his case, Ukrainian—and, at the same time, loyal to one's country—in his case, the Soviet Union.

It puzzles and angers Chornovil that others do, and that as a result he should be arrested. "For ten years," he notes flatly but with implied sarcasm, "I was educated in a Soviet school. In the last paragraph of every composition, I invariably endeavored to mention the Party and Stalin. . . . For five years, I faithfully studied Marxism-Leninism at the University. . . . Finally, just recently I passed the master's examination in Marxist-Leninist philosophy. Then, all of a sudden, quite by accident, I laid my hands on a book in Ukrainian, published abroad, and I immediately became a 'bourgeois nationalist.' Some time later, I read a leaflet from Peking about the 'Opportunism of the CPSU'—would that make me a follower of Mao Tse-tung? Later still I listened to a speech by the Pope of Rome on the radio—was I then a Jesuit?"

His sardonic wit races through his book, like a flashing meteor across a dark Russian sky. His pen is unafraid. He attacks Pyotr Shelest, first secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Party, and, with equal skill and abandon, he mocks the sacred tenets of Marxist ideology. "Man," Chornovil writes, "is not a soulless computer living in accordance with an established program." He is thinking of the 1962 party program, which promises every Soviet citizen that he will live under "communism." "Perhaps our generation will live under a *declared* communism, in the same way as we are presently living in a *declared* socialist legality."

In a way, this is a heartening book. It persuades even the skeptic that free-ranging minds do exist in the Soviet Union, that not all of them have been suffocated under the weight of the bureaucracy or the pressures of the secret police. Chornovil and his colleagues have taken on a massive, historic chore. They are trying to breathe life into the Soviet Constitution, as well as the Criminal Code of the USSR. Chornovil cites one article of the Constitution after another to the court, and then he wonders why the court does not obey them, and the police seem omnipotent. He underlines a Leninist principle of justice and bemoans the "moral terrorization" that clearly inhibits its implementation.

Has Chornovil been tamed by his year and a half of hard labor? Probably not. Young rebels, whether in the United States or the Soviet Union, do not scare easily any more. Can the Shelests ever control the Chornovils? Probably not. They have tried.

Czechoslovakia proves that civil libertarians can be arrested and their courage and moral outrage contained. But, after reading Chornovil, it is clear that the struggle between the rebel and the system is far from over. The rebel will be heard from again.

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A Nation Violated

Continued from page 23

state of demoralization of the Czechs on the eve of the profound changes that overtook them in 1968. (The impetus for these changes came from the Slovaks in a manner that I will try to describe below very briefly.) Once the process of democratization had begun and opportunities for self-assertion had been created, they undertook a rehabilitation of their individual egos and their national image. During the spring and summer the Czech nation found itself, re-established its national identity, and shed its Svejk-like character. To their own astonishment Czechs started to probe the limits of the permissible. When they scored a gain or two their confidence increased, and with it came an appetite for more. The moral regeneration of the Czech nation was a salient accomplishment of the spring and summer. Without it the behavior of the Czech citizenry toward the occupying power would have been very different.

How long it will be before they revert to more ingrained patterns of resistance remains to be seen. Possibly they have done with *Svejkism* forever. So far they have engaged in anything but it since the August 1968 invasion. Individual and group resistance in the autumn and winter has included publication in *Listy,* the Writers' Association's refurbished weekly, of the Declaration of the Rights of the Peoples of Russia signed by Stalin (as commissar for nationalities) and Lenin in 1917; street demonstrations on the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Czechoslovakia; threats of strikes by the trade unions, and self-immolation by patriotic students. These acts hardly qualify as manifestations of *Svejkism.*

As for the part played by the Slovaks in the events of 1968, it is necessary to recall that in 1944 they staged a national uprising aimed at overthrowing their own pro-Nazi, fascist government and driving the Germans out of Slovakia. Although the uprising failed, it left behind a powerful legacy of pride and expectation. The Slovaks felt that they had cleansed themselves of the taint of fascism and collaborationism and had laid the foundation of strong claims for self-determination within Czechoslovakia.

The unresolved issue of Slovak autonomy had a disruptive effect on the Republic between 1918 and 1938. It prevented cohesiveness between the two Slavic components, which would have been a minimum necessary prerequisite for the preservation of the state. Now, in 1944, things would be different. But they were not. The Slovaks were once again disappointed. They did not gain autonomous status. Communist leaders

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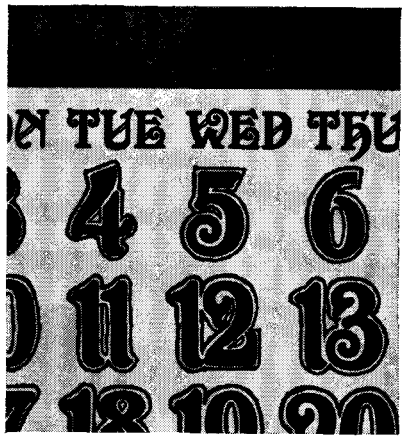

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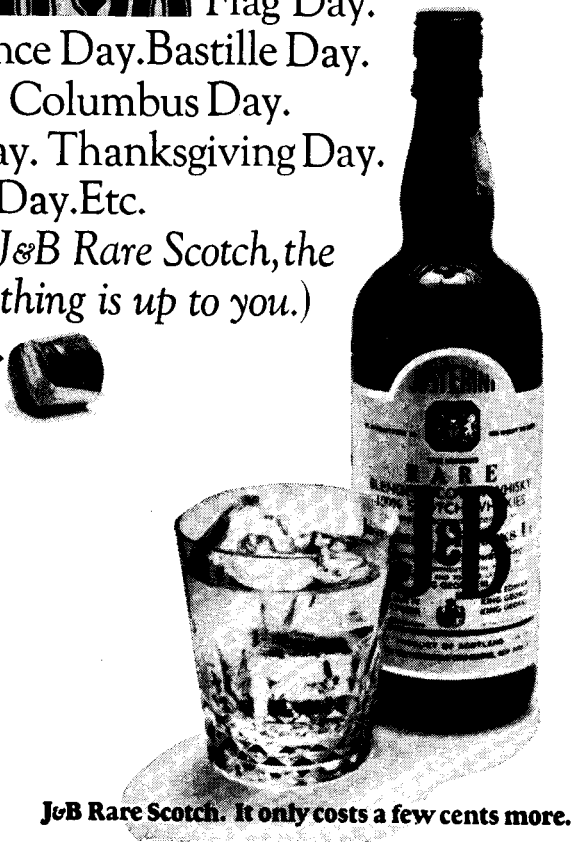

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with strong nationalist tendencies such as Gustav Husak, who had played a leading role in the 1944 uprising, were at first shunted to the sidelines and later imprisoned. The Slovaks felt increasingly dominated by the Czechs.

For a dozen years or so, however, Slovak writers and historians have taken advantage of every slightest opportunity to kindle the flames of Slovak nationalism. In the uprising of 1944 they had a ready subject for exploitation. The rebellion has been elevated to the status of a national revolution and been the topic of numerous scholarly and popular studies. It has been enshrined as the greatest historic achievement of the Slovak people. The national identity of the Slovaks has, thus, been well preserved and they have been encouraged to voice their demands for equal status in the Republic. When Gustav Husak was released from prison, he, unlike many other former prisoners of the system, did not content himself with the enjoyment of his regained freedom. A man of vigor and determination, Husak re-entered political life and strove mightily to obtain full satisfaction for himself and for his nation. His personal tribulations epitomized the suffering of his people. With him the masses could identify. In him they found a leader.

The ouster of Antonin Novotny on January 5, 1968, which opened the floodgates of reform, started as a fairly commonplace internal party squabble. In October 1967 Novotny accused Alexander Dubcek, the head of the Slovak branch of the Communist Party, of bourgeois nationalist deviations. Dubcek's political life was at stake. In his struggle for survival he united all Slovaks around him for they all had something to gain from his victory over Novotny. Together, and with help from certain Czech colleagues who had their own axes to grind, they managed to unseat Novotny. Dubcek became first secretary of the party; Husak's elevation to high office was a foregone conclusion (he became a deputy premier in April), and the Slovaks stood on the threshold of fulfillment of long-nurtured national aspirations. Federalization of the Republic was put on the agenda with a deadline of October 28 (the country's independence day) for implementation.

Mr. Schwartz's book would have gained in value had he chosen to treat significant trends topically and analytically. Most helpful would be a clearer picture of relations among various strata of the population: writers and artists, youth, workers. It would be interesting to learn how the generation gap was apparently bridged. I have the impression that the young adapted quite easily to the ideas of their elders. They seemed to have no difficulty entering into the mainstream of the democratic, humanist, socialist traditions of their forebears. The rediscovery of Thomas Masaryk, the founder of the state, not just by pilgrimages to his grave, as Mr. Schwartz tells us, but also by widespread perusal of his philosophical and political writings also deserves attention.

In a sense the clock was being turned back in Czechoslovakia. The entire Communist experience was in danger of excision from the consciousness of an aroused people intent on restoring the historic continuity of its national ideals. The mass media played a fantastic part in this process and in the destruction of the public image of many conservative Communists. Politicians were subjected to unmerciful questioning by the press, on radio and especially on television. It was something to behold the sight of political leaders caught in a crossfire of uninhibited questions and searing heat from television lights. By the same token exposure helped certain people. Dubcek and Smrkovsky had winning personalities and little to hide in their past. They showed up very well on the home screen.

The press for its part did much to explode myths about the Soviet Union. In June *Literarni Listy* began the serial publication of Isaac Deutscher's *Unfinished Revolution*, which comprises six lectures he delivered at Cambridge University on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. *Literarni Listy* selected illustrations and documents to accompany the text. The first picture printed was that of Leon Trotsky, the fourth a photograph of the executive committee of the Bolshevik Party in November 1917. Following each member's name was a notation of the year and manner of his death. The tally showed that twelve of twenty-four "died at the hands of their comrades."

Never before had the mass media played a more important political role, but we do not learn about it in detail in Mr. Schwartz's book. Systematic exploration of the stages of transformation of the Communist Party is also lacking. There is no indication how seriously the party's hegemony was threatened by other political organizations, old and new. The formation of politically oriented organizations, such as the Club of Engaged Non-party People and Club 231, is noted but their activities are not evaluated. No mention is made of the attempt to revive the Social Democratic Party, which, of course, came to naught.

Mr. Schwartz holds that Soviet leaders probably decided on intervention at an early stage. He does not tell us exactly when but that is not necessary. I

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James Agee

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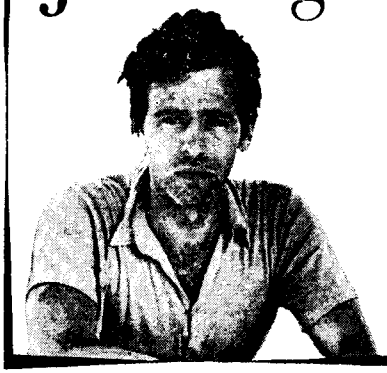
THE COLLECTED POEMS OF

James Agee



"The fullness of Agee, the man grappling with life instead of literature, appears in his poetry. . . . His lyrics sing of desire and loss. His narratives expand events into visions. His rhetoric grows up and away from classicism to release the sorrows of maturity in common speech." — WEBSTER SCHOTT, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

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tend to agree with him that viewed from Moscow the Czechoslovak situation looked grim indeed as early as June if not sooner. Despite what they said, Soviet leaders may have been less concerned with a meaningful challenge to the party's authority (*i.e.*, counterrevolution) than with the prospect of transformation of the party from within. The specter of social democracy must have haunted them. Perhaps some recalled that in 1924 Stalin condemned the Czechoslovak Communist Party as the worst of the sections of the International for it was shot through with social democratic influence. Despite repeated hardening, the party gave continuing evidence of harboring soft elements. The danger of backsliding into the quagmire of social democracy could by no means be discounted nor countenanced for a variety of reasons, not the least important being its attractiveness as a model for Western Europe.

Of course the Soviet leaders could have waited. Federalization of the country between two nations of vastly unequal numbers and different levels of economic development was fraught with hazards. It contained potential elements of discord that could be exploited later. Economic reform, however sweeping it might be, was not instant panacea for the country's ills. A long period of austerity was in sight while structural changes were being implemented. During this period the working class might become restive as it saw some of its former privileges diminished. It is a fact that in deference to the workers' strong egalitarian propensities the Communist régime had maintained an almost ungraduated wage structure. Industrial workers earned as much as and sometimes more than technicians and managers. This robbed the system of incentive and was one of the causes of economic stagnation. Encroaching on the workers' egalitarianism and reducing their status in society by a highly differentiated wage structure would not be easy.

From Moscow's vantage, however, the dangers of waiting must have seemed greater than the risks of intervening. Mr. Schwartz and others suggest that the present Soviet leadership shows signs of insecurity. Maybe so, but their action in Czechoslovakia should not be cited as evidence. Concern over the rise of social democracy is not a new phenomenon in Moscow. Lenin and Stalin felt just as insecure and reacted just as strongly to any perceived social democratic challenge.

A show of brute strength may indeed be a sign of weakness. But it has to be exposed as such. The Czechoslovak Communists might have stayed Russia's hand by making it explicit that they would put up armed resistance. Mr. Schwartz in fact faults Dubcek and his colleagues for not doing so. Although their failure to prepare for armed resistance was costly, they should not be condemned for it. Had they not been such good democrats, they would have undoubtedly taken appropriate precautionary measures. The Polish Communists did before installing Gomulka as party secretary in 1956.

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Soviet Union has perpetrated against Czechoslovakia also helps to conceal any weakness that might have motivated it. The United States missed a golden opportunity in not insisting on Soviet withdrawal from Czechoslovakia. Our not reacting strongly merely served to expose the bankruptcy of our own policy toward Eastern Europe. Neither liberation in the 1950s (relabeled peaceful liberation by President Eisenhower after the Hungarian revolution in 1956) nor peaceful engagement in the 1960s proved to have any worth.

Mr. Schwartz dabbles inconclusively with the problem of U.S.-Soviet relations as they affect Eastern Europe and other parts of the world. The issues involved are extremely complicated. There may be good and sufficient reasons for seeking a special relationship between the superpowers. Any accommodation with the Soviet Union, however, has to be at the expense of the freedom and sovereignty of the small Eastern European countries. Let us stop being hypocritical about it. The only way a small country in Eastern Europe has the slightest chance of safeguarding its independence is by escalating the cost to a would-be aggressor. Even that may not work. But it is likely to be more effective than any effort at not provoking or offending Russia. Perhaps the same principles need to be heeded elsewhere in the world where the Soviet Union seeks to extend its influence. Israel appears to have learned the lesson well; so have Yugoslavia and Rumania. Unless we can underwrite the security of these and other countries, we have no business urging moderation on them. Czechoslovakia has just become the victim of moderation for the third time in thirty years. That is the burden of these tomes.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1338

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1338 will be found in the next issue.

IWJ SUG JUWVQLO VG QVPVGQ QHIJ KJPVTU KY K TIGYIWK-OVIG BIE OLU BKTO OLKO OLUX TKG GI WIGQUE YUO RKJ UAKSZWUY.

WK EITLUBICTKCWJ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1337

When some men discharge an obligation, you can hear the report for miles around.

—MARK TWAIN.

Figures in Finance

Continued from page 32

means offering welfare on borrowed money. Can it not be understood that a country which in general does not accept the strike as a suitable instrument to settle labor disputes, regards with misgivings a situation where strikes—even against the general interest—are condoned?"

A noteworthy addition to the European money markets has been the recent arrival of the American banks. By the middle of 1968 these numbered about twenty-five with more than fifty-five branches in Britain, Switzerland, and the European Economic Community. It is thought by many Continentals that Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's book, *The American Challenge*, contains a prophetic message—that American business in Europe during the 1980s may become the number three industrial complex in the world, the two other factors being the Soviet Union and the United States. *Forbes* magazine of February 15, 1969, reported, "It is estimated that the total Eurodollar pool of dollars is almost $30 billion, and if the U.S. balance-of-payments deficit continues to mount, the supply of dollars in Europe will expand even further. And to that flexible pool of Eurodollars will come more and more U.S. corporations, as long as they have trouble borrowing what they need in the U.S."

In a practical sense, the universal currency for Europe is the dollar, and the market in Eurobonds affords a financial framework sorely needed. Mr. Ferris analyzes the development of the Eurobond and points out the growing importance it has assumed in today's world money markets. Not only are these bonds attractive to investors because the interest paid is free of withholding taxes, but the identity of the buyer is not usually known to the issuer of the bond, and competition among the borrowers keeps the interest rate high. American investment bankers have jumped into this market and are now well represented in many of the Eurobond underwritings.

In what might be considered a summation of the future outlook for banking in Europe, Mr. Ferris states:

> Europe's money-men are on the defensive, most of all because they are still divided into national camps. The prospect of Europe's money-centers being run by Americans may be remote, but the possibility that in ten years' time they will have a far more commanding position than at present is real enough. Perhaps this is to be welcomed and not feared. But however Europe feels about it, the Americans have already made plain what they intend to do. As bankers and investment advisers, they are in Europe to stay.

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Criminal Record

Fact

The Kennedy Conspiracy: An Uncommissioned Report on the Jim Garrison Investigation. *By Paris Flammonde and Eric Norden. Photographs.* $6.95. This massive work is a veritable encyclopedia, *Who's Who*, portrait gallery, and street directory of the second battle of New Orleans.

Hex. *By Arthur H. Lewis. Trident.* $4.95. As recently as 1928, if you want to call that recent, a male "witch" plying his craft in Pennsylvania's York County was bludgeoned to death by a man and two teen-aged boys who claimed they had been victims of his occult powers. Since then the practitioners seem to have lost much of their sting, though some of them are still looked on with respect and are occasionally consulted by legal healers. This is a choice bit of off-beat regional Americana.

Tales of Unease. *Edited by John Burke. Crime Club.* $4.95. These twenty-one stories by twenty-one authors carefully sidestep the horrible and the terrible and run the gamut from the risible to the invisible. An ingenious idea is here carried out with aplomb and sophistication.

Fiction

Monsoon Murder. *By Brian Cooper. Vanguard.* $5.95. This story-within-a-story (both are well handled) is laid in India during and after World War II; the love interest is effectively managed without taking charge of the homicide guaranteed in the title.

The Singapore Wink. *By Ross Thomas. Morrow.* $5.95. Author registered a bull's-eye with his Opus 1, *The Cold War Swap*, two years ago, and two intervening novels have sustained his reputation; *The Singapore Wink* certifies it.

Touchfeather. *By Jimmy Sangster. Norton.* $4.95. English air hostess who doubles as an errand girl for Intelligence biggie is here the subject of what you might call an uninhibited autobiography. Lively and not too gruesome.

The Valentine Victim. *By Dougal McLeish. Houghton Mifflin.* $4.95. Ontario provincial police take over when exurban beauty dies of multiple gunshot wounds. Stick-to-it-iveness carries the day in this well-programmed procedural exercise.

Mongo's Back in Town. *By E. Richard Johnson. Harper & Row.* $4.95. Killer-to-order setting up his thirteenth target in a Midwest metropolis finds that even tiny hand guns can throw death; it all adds up to a very messy Christmas.

The Case of the Deadly Diamonds. *By Christopher Bush. Macmillan.* $4.50. A minor money grab, a sizable gem snatch, and a spot of definitive murder all tie in to set Ludovic Travers, suave London eye, toiling like a Dutch uncle. Pleasantly involved.

The Evergreen Death. *By James Fraser. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $4.50. Heinous murder and mutilation of English teen-ager brings youthful Detective Inspector Aveyard to the scene of her death in an English village. Author and police both turn in professional jobs here.

Forfeit. *By Dick Francis. Harper & Row.* $4.95. Fleet Street sports writer, scenting a racing scandal, goes all out to unseat the villain in the piece; a thoroughly delightful tale, whether you like horses or not (you should).

A Treasury of Great Mysteries. *Edited by Howard Haycraft and John Beecroft. Doubleday. Two vols.* $7.95. 576 plus 576 should equal 1,152, and that is the sum of the pages you get in this sockdolager of a reprint.

Homicide in American Fiction 1798-1860. *By David Brion Davis. Cornell University Press.* Paperback, $2.45. Rarely does scholarship raise its head in these criminous precincts, but here we have the genuine article, which first appeared in hard covers in 1957 under the same imprint. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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***SR's* Annual Advertising Awards Issue**

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

The Story of a Picture

In 1950, Willem de Kooning painted a large and now famous abstract composition called *Excavation*. A year later the canvas was invited to the Annual American Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago, where a jury composed of Hans Hofmann, Peter Blume, and Aline Saarinen awarded it the top purchase prize. Unfortunately, the funds for this prize were less than the price of the painting which, as I recall, was around $5,000, a modest sum even then for a canvas 80 by 100 inches. I would guess that during the intervening nineteen years, the value has increased at least thirtyfold, but it is not extravagant monetary figures that interest me; it is the picture itself and its story. Now on view in the de Kooning exhibition at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, the canvas stands out as one of the artist's definitive works and also as one of America's most important mid-twentieth-century paintings.

Filled with a nameless malaise, the tumultuous pigment whips in and out, over and under to suggest natural and unnatural forces at work. De Kooning once told me the idea for the picture came to him while looking at the movie *Bitter Rice*. He still remembered, he said, the wet fields with peasants spading up and into the rich loam. On many levels the composition becomes a synthesis of excavating. The earthlike color with its occasional iridescent glints reveals hidden treasure beneath the surface. And sinuous brushstrokes suggest the process of gouging out and scooping up. One feels a kinetic excitement at work here, yet the whole restless maze interlocks to produce a kind of personal three-dimensional calligraphy.

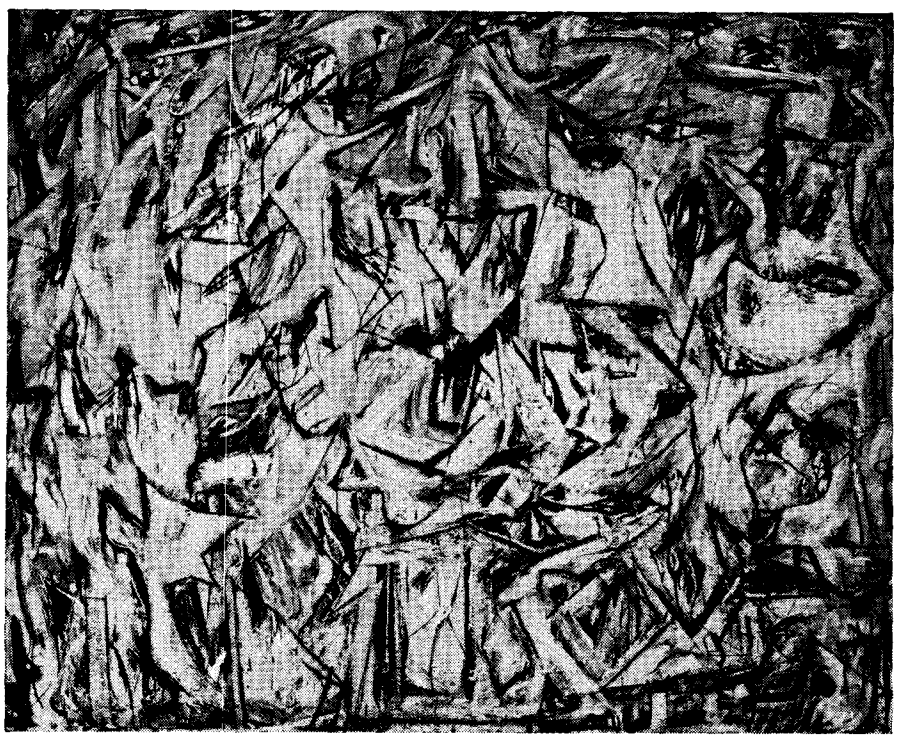
A year after de Kooning painted *Excavation*, he wrote an article for *trans/formation* in which he said: "The attitude that nature is chaotic and that the artist puts order into it is a very absurd point of view, I think. All that we can hope for is to put some order into ourselves. When a man plows his field at the right time, it means just that." Several years after the Art Institute acquired *Excavation*, de Kooning saw it in Chicago for the first time since it had left New York. He examined it carefully and then, questioning its scale, wondered if it wasn't too large. I think not. The composition seems to fill the canvas, and even push beyond its boundaries in a continuous burgeoning assault.

The painting department at the Art Institute shared the jury's enthusiasm for the picture. With part of the cost already available because of the purchase award, the staff urged the acquisition committee, composed chiefly of trustees, to authorize the necessary additional funds. But the committee members, as is often true in American museums, were chiefly businessmen or pillars of civic life who, little informed about contemporary art—indeed, often about any art—regarded the painting with jaundiced eyes. However, certain members of the staff, after considerable outside canvassing, discovered two friends of the museum willing to supply most of the needed money. The rest was contributed by the artist and his dealer who agreed to accept a lower price for the canvas, though, let me add, at that time de Kooning was far from prosperous.

But even a gift must await trustee benediction. In this case, the committee, not wanting to offend generous donors, accepted the work with strong reservations, cynically recommending that it be kept in storage for as long as possible. Thus came *Excavation* to the Art Institute of Chicago. Shortly thereafter the painting was invited to an exhibition where it was seen by James Thrall Soby, then the able art editor of this magazine. In his review he found *Excavation* the most distinguished modern American work of art to be acquired that year by any museum in the country. Each committee member promptly received a reprint of these reassuring words. The softening process had begun.

Recently, while the de Kooning retrospective was on view in London at the Tate, art critic David Thompson covered it for *The New York Times*. He wrote, "Almost every reviewer has singled out for mention the great *Excavation* of 1950 from the Art Institute of Chicago, which stands as an indestructible masterpiece." After world-wide approval, the painting will triumphantly return to Chicago when the exhibition shortly moves to the Art Institute. Many trustees who excoriated the picture are now dead, but some are still around. As they proudly lead guests through the show and stop before their museum's renowned canvas, will they, I wonder, recall the truculent reception it received nineteen years ago? Kudos galore and an accelerated monetary valuation are not necessarily the only reasons these men will be apt to accept what once they and the local press vehemently denounced. Time, familiarity, and a bit of knowledge are helpful, too.

But because *Excavation*'s history is not an isolated episode and because similar experiences are frequently repeated in American museums, we have reason to question whether businessmen as trustees are in fact good businessmen. Turning down an Alexis Rudier cast of



—*Collection of The Art Institute of Chicago.*

***Excavation* by Willem de Kooning**

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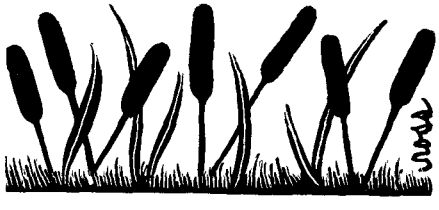
Rodin priced at a pittance because they considered it lascivious, or the gift of an excellent black-and-white work by Bradley Walker Tomlin (later promptly accepted by New York's Museum of Modern Art) because they considered it not at all, was scarcely astute. I doubt that the most skillful handling of stocks and bonds can approximate similar increases in value, not to mention the dividend of emotional enrichment.

It is not, however, the Art Institute of Chicago that is at fault; it is the entire system. I have merely used this specific museum because I am better acquainted with its history. And, also, I am told that in recent years trustees are better informed about the present, though at times they become so fastened on the contemporary scene as to ignore the past. Now, ironically, the new is safer than the old. When we think of the innumerable splendid works lost to our civic institutions because of unnecessary roadblocks, we can only grieve. The best curators are always slightly fanatical collectors. Otherwise, they might give up too easily. When finally they track down their quarry only to lose it for purely arbitrary reasons, they lose more than the work of art. Somehow, their future usefulness is slowly eroded.

The moral of this story is obvious. It is concerned with the function of trustees and staff. The former's responsibility is to provide their institutions with top professionals in the field of art, and then to respect these experts, at least in their special capacity. When trustees lose confidence in their staff, there is only one solution—get a staff they do trust. A rational and clear division of responsibility is mandatory. Supervision of community relations, financial investments, overall policy, and fund-raising are rightly in the domain of trustees. Where the acquisition, preservation, and presentation of art are concerned, specialists are needed. And in these days museums are hard-pressed to find them. Tired of interference and money-raising gambits, art experts are looking elsewhere for satisfaction. The search for experienced personnel is literally turning into a scramble. Meanwhile museum directors and curators are heading toward teaching, research, writing, and publishing. They are seeking avenues where they need not cajole, compromise, or laboriously lobby in order to do what they have been trained to do.



SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Charity Is Not Enough

THE UNFORTUNATE thing about *Sweet Charity,* which Universal is currently touting as "the musical motion picture of the '70s," is that it is just good enough to make one wish it were better. Not only a great deal of money, but also a great deal of talent, taste, and determination have been joined together to create what the studio hoped would prove to be the eye-boggling, ear-catching, rib-tickling entertainment of all time. There was no skimping on sets, costumes, or intricate (hence costly) camera set-ups to keep it visually exciting and fresh. Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, who wrote the songs for the original Broadway production, were invited to augment their score with three additional numbers. And Bob Fosse, one of the theater's most original and stimulating choreographers, was permitted to re-stage his show for the movie cameras.

And yet, somehow, all of these elements merely add up to a musical that is pleasant and agreeable, but not in the least memorable. Perhaps one of the faults lies in the fact that *Sweet Charity* derives from a film that was so completely memorable, Federico Fellini's *The Nights of Cabiria;* its shadow seems to hover reproachfully over almost every scene—particularly since Shirley MacLaine, in the title role, has taken such pains to imitate Giulietta Masina's walk, stance, and smile, using them whenever the libretto edges back toward the original story. It serves to point up the kind of coarsening and compromise deemed necessary to translate a simple movie into a big, brassy Broadway hit.

On the other hand, once it was decided to transform *Cabiria* into a musical, one wonders why they did not go all the way. It would have been not only easy, but electrifying, for example, to have turned the nocturnal screechings of the streetwalkers on the Passeggiata Archeologica into a musical number of fearful intensity—not as flashy or fleshy, perhaps, as "Hey, Big Spender," the dance-hall hostesses' provocative invitation in *Sweet Charity,* but not as obvious and superficial either. Missing altogether is the magical sequence in a squalid vaudeville house when Cabiria, under the spell of a stage hypnotist, relives the days of her innocence. The musical possibilities of this scene were actually laid out in the original; in her trance, Cabiria moves to the strains of a sentimental, nostalgic waltz.

Curiously, just about the only sequence that was carried over almost intact from *Cabiria* to *Charity* (except for the addition of a properly bubbly song and dance, "If My Friends Could See Me Now") is also one of the best in the entire show. The girl, picked up by a movie star after he has quarreled with his lady friend, is taken to a night club, then to his bachelor pad for a late supper and "the late, late show." All goes swimmingly, until the lady friend returns to make amends. Cabiria was unceremoniously thrust into a bathroom, Charity into a closet, until the actor remembers and lets her out by the dawn's early light. Both the humor and the pathos of the situation remain intact, because the basic relationship of the two has not been altered, while the visit to the night club permits the introduction of a stylish dance number, "Rich Man's Frug," without making it seem intrusive. (In contrast to the interpolated "Rhythm of Life," with a psychedelic Sammy Davis, Jr., leading an extravagantly hippie chorus through an elaborate, but totally irrelevant lightshow.)

But it is foolish to belabor the point. Neil Simon, who adapted Fellini's film for the New York production, and Peter Stone, who wrote this screen version, obviously had no intention of creating either the musical or the emotional equivalent of their distinguished source. Both were aiming for a hit show, one with strong commercial values. And by and large, that is pretty much what they have got. Just as Simon jettisoned Fellini for something more viable on the Broadway stage, the people at Universal jettisoned Gwen Verdon, the star of the Broadway version (and its single greatest strength), for someone more viable on the screen, Shirley MacLaine. And like the film itself, Miss MacLaine is very good, but not quite good enough. She delivers her numbers with assurance, can be cute and brassy when the occasion demands, and even shows flashes—as in the "Something Better Than This" routine with Chita Rivera and Paula Kelly—of the first-rate musical comedy performer that she once was. Unfortunately, a lot of the style, a lot of the exhilaration, have gone out of her dancing; and one often gets the impression that choreographer Fosse assigned to her the simpler steps, then cut away to others for the more intricate maneuvers.

The hero of this occasion, then, is Bob

(*Continued on page* 43)

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

San Francisco's Opera Returns to Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES.

AS A PROPOSITION, the idea of combining San Francisco's operatic resources of properties and people with the new impulses to expansion in Los Angeles, thus conferring long-term benefits on both, has much to commend it. As a practicality, its first manifestation in a semi-spring (March) season just completed in the Shrine Auditorium suggests that a successful outcome for the scheme may challenge the best brain power, financial as well as artistic, in both communities.

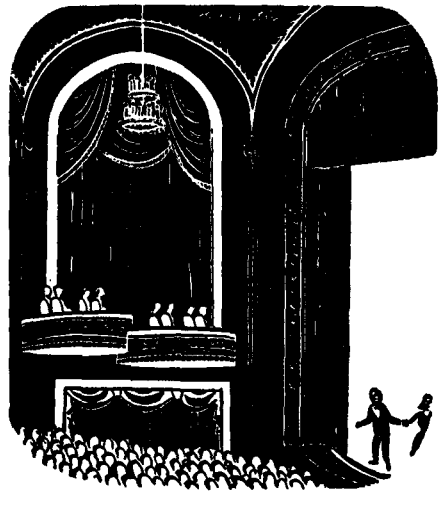
In the spirit of the optimist's dictum that no problem is insoluble, this one, too, could be resolved—but the basic question is: in what surroundings and according to what formula? For one to whom the long-famous Shrine Auditorium, with its capacity of 6,000, has been a national landmark, a first exposure to performances in it of *Madama Butterfly*, *Ernani* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was not unlike a first viewing of the Grand Canyon or Boulder Dam. The mere magnitude of past associations tended to dwarf the present happenings. This is not altogether irrelevant, for the structure itself is pivotal in the search for a solution: The numbers it can accommodate provide a powerful argument for the long-overdue modernization program. This is resisted by some who regard the Shrine's situation hard by USC as unchic, perhaps even overexposed to city-bred dangers of molestation (none at all was observed during the current visit of the San Francisco Opera, its first to either the Shrine or Los Angeles in several years). Their preferred alternative is the Pavilion, in the modern Music Center, despite its unsuitable stage and pit and relatively limited capacity (3,100 for opera).

The whole issue (and its resolution) is not without its share of partisanships and prejudices. In addition to natural home-grown aversion to anything emanating from its neighbor to the north, there are also those who feel that the prudent, if costly, path is marked THIS WAY TO THE PAVILION. Some suggest that a pleasantly non-complicated solution could be provided by making the Pavilion available for a dozen subscription performances on Monday nights during the fall, when the San Francisco company is not performing at home. This would marshal the best talent, cater to the most dependable support in the Los Angeles area, and, incidentally, preserve the Pavilion as the center of prestige for all major musical activity in the Los Angeles area.

However, for one who watched with some surprise and even more interest as the enormous Shrine Auditorium gradually swallowed more and more people for a Wednesday night performance of *Madama Butterfly* (in which there was not a single star name), there was an inevitable question. What happens to all these faithful followers of opera in Los Angeles if the future affiliation is predicated on the usage of the smaller, swankier surroundings, at steeper, perhaps prohibitively steeper, prices? This is a value certainly worthy of consideration by those arguing the case for the Pavilion.

As a surrounding for any stage spectacle with music, the Shrine Auditorium has its full share of liabilities—a proscenium that would dwarf almost any production not created specifically for it; a wide, narrow pit, etc. But the initial contact with it, in the *Butterfly* previously mentioned, was not wholly discouraging. A first act spent at a midpoint downstairs was succeeded by a second act at a place chosen at random upstairs. Here the blend of voices and orchestra was considerably more unified and aurally satisfying. The inference was that the problem was not so much a matter of an inimical auditorium itself as it was a distribution through that auditorium (via reflecting panels) of the best sound developed between the pit and the stage.

As a source of quality opera, the company (now in its sixteenth year under the astute direction of Kurt Herbert Adler) satisfied major requirements despite the general disadvantages of the surroundings and the specific liability of working with a pickup orchestra not indoctrinated in opera. Adler deserves credit for seeing in Jeannette Pilou (whose assignments at the Metropolitan have run to Juliette, Micaela, etc.) not only a potential but a present Butterfly, with the strong middle sound to support an affecting characterization. She omitted the top D flat at the culmination of the "Entrance Scene" and showed some signs of restraint vis-à-vis the top range otherwise, but this could relate to such considerations as limited public experience in the part. Also of value in the total outcome under the direction of Aldo Faldi were a resonant Sharpless (more British "colonial" than American) by Delme Bryn-Jones and a sympathetic Suzuki by Sylvia Anderson. Nicholas di Virgilio performed a plausible but vocally undersized Pinkerton.



There was nothing in the least undersized about three-quarters of the primary vocal effort applied to Verdi's *Ernani* by Leontyne Price as Elvira, Peter Glossop as Carlo, and Giorgio Tozzi as Silva. Indeed, the primary deficiency reposed in the conducting of Giuseppe Patane, who failed to exercise sufficient influence on these strong-voiced singers to make a reasonable blend with the lesser power of Renato Cioni as Ernani. The colorful settings derived from a production for the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino were considerably more suitable than those currently available to the Metropolitan.

Quite the most satisfying of the productions offered in this period was the company's famously amusing treatment of *Il Barbiere*, which plays up and down the levels of a three-level structure (Dr. Bartolo's house). With the action adroitly controlled by director Ghita Hager and Aldo Faldi an admirable conductor both for Rossini and the singers, a sense of the fun and the froth in this score was conveyed to a sizable audience. On the male side, Enzo Sordello qualified himself as an admirable voice for Figaro's music and a lively embodiment of his action; Ramon Vinay, in his second career as a baritone, conveyed a crotchety Bartolo; Nicola Rossi-Lemeni offered something other than the stereotype of Basilo; and the unfamiliar Pietro Bottazzo was a more than ordinarily attractive Lindoro, as well as a youthfully fresh-voiced one. Likewise of unusual character was the Rosina of Mary Costa, who showed herself to be an operatic *farceuse* of the first order as well as in sure command of an agile florid technique. Sona Cervena's Berta is famous in these parts, and deservedly so. To see and hear a *Barbiere* without a single one of those all-too-threadbare gags was, in itself, almost worth the trip to California.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

An Experiment Fails

IN *The Experiment* (an original ninety-minute television drama presented recently on "CBS Playhouse"), a brilliant, young post-doctoral scientist (M. K. Douglas) accepts an offer from an electronics firm, the Waylon Corporation, to pursue a research project that could result in a revolutionary refinement of technique in printing. His project, which has a high market potential, goes well, but he and his corporate employers fall out after a collision between organizational conformity and personal life-style. An executive administrator discovers that the scientist is not actually married to the girl (Tisha Sterling) whom he pretends to be married to; to make matters worse, she is New Left politically, and something of a hippie who irritates the other company wives.

Further, the scientist has insisted on the help of a young math wizard, a black. The situation is compounded when the scientist and his "wife" offer to share their apartment with the Negro colleague and his wife rather than see them shunted off to less desirable living quarters. Get rid of the girl, says the Waylon Corporation to the post-doctoral genius, and shape up to the company's style of life or else you're fired—and, remember, we own the research experiment, you can't sell, publish, or lecture. The genius offers the girl marriage, and the corporation a deal: let me retain my black colleague, let me wear turtleneck sweaters if I choose, and I'll finish the experiment; it's my creation and I can do it better than any of your corporate mules.

The corporation's decision is not revealed as the play ends, but the drama's conclusion is predictable. Why shouldn't the big men of Waylon buy the package? The marriage problem has already been resolved; corporations everywhere are beating the campus bushes for trained black personnel; and, as for the turtleneck sweaters, the mild political militancy, and the exotic manners of the young couple, a reasonable amount of corporate mellowing is a fair price to pay in comparison to the handsome profit picture that lies ahead in the project breakthrough which the nonconformist can certainly deliver.

The Experiment may have been bold television in its dealing with "living in sin." It may have spiced the business ethos scene with the contemporary sauces of campus riots, hippie fashions, and racial discrimination, but essentially it was worked-over material.

Instead of taking bows for radicalism in television drama, the sponsor and producers might defend themselves against the charge of being somewhat reactionary. The real issue between business and youth today is hardly one of incompatible life-styles, although hippie manners and ways are symbolic manifestations of the contempt that many young people have for a business-dominated society, which continues the war in Vietnam, seriously discusses the ABM program, and drags its feet in the obscenities of urban ghettos and rural hunger.

The real issue between business and youth is the issue of the uses and misuses of knowledge. The fundamental questions probe the purposes and goals of scientific research, the role of the entrepreneurial research professor, who zealously pursues knowledge for profit and prestige while remaining indifferent to the ends his discoveries or inventions may lead.

There may be many young scientists who, like the one in *The Experiment,* are eager to put their training and ability at the service of corporate goals, without examining the difficult problem of how one distinguishes between the moral and the immoral uses of knowledge. The play's scientist, however, was not really representative of the true spirit of the youth revolt.

The question of priorities in the production of knowledge at universities is *the* relevant question today: this is what the campus riots are really all about. The public generally doesn't realize this; the media don't tell them. *The Experiment* could have shed some light on the matter, even within the confines of its entertaining, crowd-holding plot. It was an extraordinary opportunity and television muffed it. Such misses, of course, are the prevailing tradition in TV, for familiar reasons, and, in normal times, one could argue that they are relatively harmless. But these are perilous times.

It is a truism of history that people in a revolution seldom know that they are in it. Such may be our condition now. *The Experiment,* instead of uncovering the pressures, patched them over amiably with a happy deal between business and youth allowing them both to get on with the acquisitive ball game. The result itself may constitute an important corporate misuse of knowledge and talent.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Gate Crasher—Impresario

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"I AM the president of the Yale University Ballet Society," the young man had said as he attempted to enter the State Theater at Lincoln Center to see a rehearsal of the New York City Ballet's *The Nutcracker*. Immediately, he was politely ushered in. He had, in truth, crashed the proceedings, but when he got back to Yale, he thought to himself, "You know, that's not a bad idea." Thus was born, in the college within Yale that he attended, the Davenport College Ballet Society, which gave its first dance festival in February 1968. The enterprising director-crasher was Stephen Schwarzman, and somehow he managed to get five college dance groups to perform—Smith, Bryn Mawr, Connecticut College for Women, Pembroke, Vassar—in the huge dining hall of Davenport. He had, of course, the support and assistance of Horace Taft (son of the U.S. Senator, grandson of the U.S. President and headmaster of Davenport—who doesn't like dancing very much) and his festival received a rousing response from Yale students.

How did a social science major come to found a ballet society and produce dance festivals? Mrs. Taft was inadvertently instrumental. Schwarzman had come into the headmaster's office and had heard strains of music coming from the living quarters. He poked his nose around a corner and said, "What's that?"

—*Photos: John Stamets.*

Dancers from Smith College in *Kaleidoscope*—"an abstract dance . . . in shifting movement prisms."

"*Giselle*," Mrs. Taft replied. "I saw Markova dance it many times." "Who's Markova?" he asked. "Go to my library and you'll find a book called *Giselle and I* by Alicia Markova. You may borrow it." He borrowed it, *and* other dance books, and became a college impresario.

Earlier this month, I attended (in the vast Davenport dining room) the Second Annual Modern Dance Festival in which the participating groups came from Smith, Connecticut College, Wesleyan University, Pembroke, and Brown. Vassar was to have been there, but a series of illnesses forced a cancellation at the last minute. Two hours before curtain, the indomitable Schwarzman obtained the services of the New Haven Civic Ballet, and the resourceful dancers of that organization dashed in and closed the program on a high professional note.

Not every item on the program was notable, but that was to be expected, at least in the groups from the colleges, since they are admitted amateurs and even beginners. One of the choreographers, for example, was only a freshman. But the dance details were not the important part of this occasion. What was important was that college boys and girls involved with dance achieved not only communication but even rapport with a large group of boys attending a university with no dance tradition or current dance courses whatsoever. The onlookers, then, performed just as well as the dancers in the sense that they responded in terms of attentiveness, curiosity, and warm applause. Yes, on this campus at least, communication had been achieved, however briefly, and through dance.

If the choreographic caliber of the pieces was by no means uniform, variety of approach was admirable. Smith College, for example, opened with an abstract dance that mirrored in shifting movement prisms its title, *Kaleidoscope*, in terms of modern dance technique; this was followed by a modest ballet solo, and the concluding piece was a story affair, *The Little Prince*. (Rosalind de Mille heads the dance faculty.)

Pembroke (with the female) and Brown (with the male)—Judy Strandberg is the dance faculty adviser—turned to ballet for its single offering; but Connecticut College and Wesleyan students, directed by Martha Myers, not only offered studies in ballet, modern and jazz idioms, but also explored the area of improvisation. Here, various stimuli—noises or props—provided the direction the action was to take. To many viewers, this was closer to acting than dancing, but it was focused upon movement, movement responses to situations, and just plain movement impulses. How do you react to words, to grunts, to sighs; to two stools plus a boy and a girl; to masses of crumpled newspaper? Take it from there, and the students did just that.

Connecticut College for Women and Wesleyan University dance students from "The Experimental Movement Lab."

The involvement of the Yale students was genuine, for at the start of the Connecticut-Wesleyan improvisations, the dancers were scattered among the audience members, where they made sounds and sentences to which they reacted kinetically. There was no derisive laugh-

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ter, and no coed bottoms were pinched. Later in the program (with the New Haven company), tiny pieces of a jigsaw puzzle were handed out to individuals in the audience. The recipients seemed to sense that they were being asked to participate in solving the puzzle of living.

The New Haven Civic Ballet, founded and directed by Beverly Williamson, which came to the rescue of the festival as an eleventh-hour replacement for the flu-felled Vassar team, stood for the best show-must-go-on tradition. The ballet they gave was called simply *Boulez,* after its composer, Pierre Boulez. It was a way-out creation, as much modern dance as ballet, but one which displayed the still incipient but formidable talents of the troupe's leading dancer and explorative young choreographer, Michael Lee [WORLD OF DANCE, Jan. 15, 1968], a young man of dance who deserves to be watched.

This second dance festival in a dining room on a campus that does not foster dance came off well. But what will happen when Stephen Schwarzman, a senior, leaves? "My assistant," he says, "is a sophomore and he feels like I do about the Davenport College Ballet Society, so we're in for two more years. By then, it may be rooted to last. Me? I can't afford the arts right now. That takes money. So I'm going to a school of business administration. But I can't ever forget dance. You said something about the business side of dance, and there was another word, 'impresario,' but I'm not sure what it means. Hey! Mrs. Taft! Do you have a ballet book on impresarios?" S. Hurok had better watch out!

Photo of a Yemenite

for Archie Lieberman

By Arno Karlen

YOUR nose's high hump
rides the canny, crooked
grin that pushes up
one cheek; half your chin
crawls after. Teeth like
shining shovel-bottoms.
Whiskers crinkled tar
and silver. Lids that wink
your eyes to half-moons.
Wrinkles rib the pocky
skin like windshot sand
and beach the weedy
brows. Cap and collar
scalloped by neglect.
And once I thought all
wisdom finally was sad!

Movies

Continued from page 39

Fosse, here directing his first movie. Although his background is choreography, Fosse has obviously given a great deal of thought to film, enough, at least, to break up conventionally expository scenes with freeze-frames and still montages. The real fun, however, is in the song and dance numbers, where conventions of time, place, and space can be tossed to the winds, and separate, disparate shots assembled together on the basis of sheer, exuberant movement. Logic is defied, gravity denied, as dancers make impossible leaps with the aid of the movieola or a slow-motion camera. "I'm a Brass Band" is a gorgeous *assemblage* of exultant New York shots through which Charity just happens to be strutting. "If My Friends Could See Me Now" is a witty potpourri of every poor girl's wish fulfillments, all tied firmly to Cy Coleman's knowing, sophisticated beat. As creative, cinematic choreography, it would be hard to improve very much on the conceits and inventions of "Rich Man's Frug."

In short, if one had never heard of *The Nights of Cabiria, Sweet Charity* might appear a superior musical with a somewhat inferior book; whereas the truth, if anyone connected with this production had sought to attain it, is just the other way around.

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Apocrypha on the Costa del Sol

Perhaps I had fallen under some quixotic spell last month when, on the day I was to fly to Spain, I voyaged to midtown Manhattan to buy a bathing suit. Certainly the traveler, as was suggested in this space last week, can better prepare himself for trodding in unfamiliar lands than by consulting mean temperature charts; and yet it was the magic of a climatological statistic, gleaned subliminally, that bore me to the marketplace. Had I known I was going to see only one of the 320 days of sunshine that bless the Costa del Sol each year, I would have bought an umbrella.

I think a man could more wisely cram for such journeys by scanning the daily press for signs of a prevailing mood. I boned up a bit on the latest Spanish crisis—the "state of exception" declared by Franco on January 24 which handed the police almost unlimited powers to arrest, detain, or banish suspects to the Siberias of Spain, and also choked off any political discussion in the news media. In effect, Spain was in a state of siege, or so my studies showed.

My reportorial antennae were extended the moment the plane touched down at Madrid airport, and I spotted a covey of aging single-engine fighters, straining for an old-fashioned dogfight. In retrospect, I am sure what I saw were retired crop dusters. Coming down the gangplank, I caught another glimpse of yesteryear—an enormous full-bellied functionary in a green military maxi-coat with a wide black belt lashed about his girth, striding importantly up and down the apron. His colleagues stationed nearby and in the baggage-claim department were similarly clad, though less in need of tent pegs. I wonder if the sartorial revolution, which has brought bikinis and miniskirts to Spain in the last few years, will ever reach the airport command.

Even before we took off for Málaga, the capital of the Costa del Sol, my antennae were retracting. As I lolled on the observation deck, snatching every available sunbeam glinting off an aluminum tabletop—an old Indian trick I learned in less salubrious climes—I could sense the much advertised hedonism that infects and eventually overcomes so many visitors to the Iberian Peninsula. Never mind that I was being assailed by the stench of diesel fuel and the whine of jet engines; already I could smell the sun-warmed flesh and hear the crack of castanets.

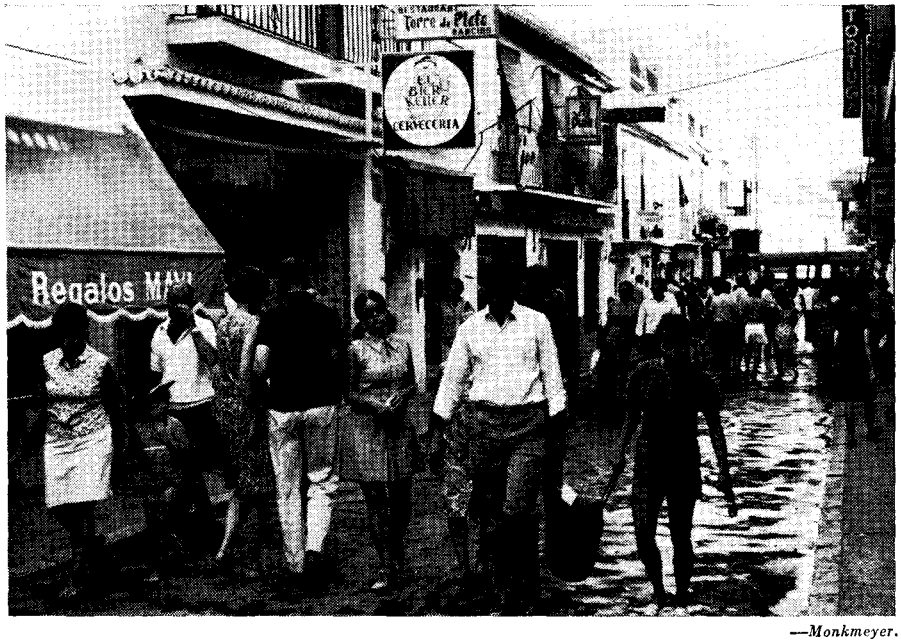
I suppose the spirit of hedonism has flourished as fully on the Costa del Sol as anywhere in Spain, thanks in large part to the influx of English, Scandinavians, and, most recently, Americans, many of them footloose souls who have succumbed happily to the lure of wine and sun, inexpensive land, and low taxes. The Sunny Coast jogs 250 miles northeast from Gibraltar to Alméria; most of the recent settlements have been concentrated on a western strip roughly between Málaga and Marbella.

Once the entire coast, which now is part of the province of Andalucía, belonged to the Moors, who, before they were expelled by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492, established high standards of swinging, not to mention art, architecture, and science. I doubt that the Costa del Sol will foment much opposition to El Caudillo and his government (which is thirty years old this year), for it is a land apart, cut off from the interior by the Sierra Nevada, and is largely oblivious to whatever political tremors the students and the clergy are raising in the north.

Until ten or twelve years ago the Costa del Sol survived on farming and fishing—and then the deluge. I have talked to Americans and Europeans who trekked down in the late 1950s and early 1960s, and they remember the coast and particularly the fishing village of Torremolinos as a man remembers his first love. "I was a student with a few guilders in my pocket," a young Dutch businessman told me on the flight to Málaga. "There were no hotels in Torremolinos, and no more than 500 inhabitants. We slept in sleeping bags and lived on wine." By some poetic irony he was coming back to the Costa del Sol to observe the progress of Nueva Andalucía, a pre-designed village just west of Marbella, in which he had invested. Most of the coastal cities, new and old, have been spared ruinous expansion by strict zoning laws, but Torremolinos and its environs continue to sprout high-rise buildings like runaway beanstalks.

It used to be the adventurous sort of American who dared to pit his powers of survival against the Costa del Sol's freewheeling, unfettered way of life, but now they are descending by the planeload, ready to attack the coast on the Modified American Plan. Suddenly this spring the bumpy one-lane roadway that hugs the coast between Málaga and Marbella is turning into a four-lane expressway, a Hilton hotel is opening east of Marbella, and a Playboy Club-hotel is in the works close by.

Last November Iberia Air Lines of Spain, eager to tap the flow of American tourists and investors, began the first direct service between New York and Málaga. One should be informed that in airline argot, direct service means a stopover (though not a plane change) at some intermediate point, in this case Madrid. Though the stewardess invariably orders everyone off the plane at such way stations so the inside can be tidied up, I often prevail on her to let me doze through the delay—unless of



—*Monkmeyer.*

Torremolinos, Spain—Hilton, hedonism, and "Yankee Doodle."

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course there is a sun shining above and an aluminum tabletop to get the most of it. At the risk of being lumped with Spiro Agnew and Ronald Reagan, I am convinced that if you've seen one airport you've seen them all. Anyway, Iberia plans to establish non-stop service between New York and Málaga beginning June 15, which will put a mere six-and-a-half hours between the harried and the hedonistic life.

If I doubted America's influence on the Costa del Sol upon arrival, I woke up the following morning in the Hotel Melia Torremolinos thinking I was in Richmond, Virginia. Sometime the night before I had accidentally pushed the bedside stereo button, and as the fog swirled in my waking brain, I distinctly heard the Mitch Miller singers belting out "Dixie." From there, they swung into "Yankee Doodle," "America the Beautiful," and "God Bless America." In the dining room downstairs the medley was repeated, with the addition of an instrumental version of "O Tannenbaum"—I thought in deference to the hotel's German guests. "No sir, that's 'Maryland, My Maryland,'" a man from Baltimore assured me.

When there is time to spare, I prefer to amble about a foreign land on my own and let the impressions sink in slowly. But when, as in Spain, my days are numbered (a $295 group rate provides seven days and eight nights on the Costa del Sol), I tend to run with the local talent in order to speed up the process of acculturation. That could mean looking through the eyes of a native son or an outlander who has become an adopted son.

Torremolinos's adopted sons live not like Spaniards and certainly not like *turistas* but somewhere apart and alone. They speak Spanish when they have to, but otherwise get by in Swedish, English, Dutch, or whatever their mother tongue is. I hesitate to call them expatriates because that dated term suggests Hemingway, Dos Passos, and the Lost Generation and carries with it the implication of social and political rebellion; the foreigners I met in Torremolinos are living there because it is warm and easy and they are hooked.

One evening near the beach, I sat at a table in the Fat Black Pussycat and drank with a few of the regulars—two young men from Birmingham, England; a forty-four-year-old Pennsylvanian who speaks disparagingly of Spain and grumbles he would leave except he owns a piece of land; a mop-haired lad of fifteen from New York whose parents had recently bought a bar in Torremolinos; and Julia, an attractive twenty-eight-year-old blonde from Louisville, the queen of the round table, who operates an art shop in a large hotel and claims she will split for Beirut when the spirit moves her.

I was not surprised to find their talk disconnected and dreamy. They discussed an old friend named Big Frank who had died and whose wife was unable to come up with the money to ship his body home to California ("Man, it cost $3 a pound air freight—*including* the casket!") until she met a man who passed himself off as the Prince of Ghana and agreed to pay the bill, only his checks started bouncing around Torremolinos. They talked, too, about a man who has some oil dealings with Onassis but "is drying out in Morocco." All the while, Timmy, the fifteen-year-old, was bent low over a book on some occult science that Julia had given him. He seemed a bright, precocious boy (although he hadn't been to school for a year and a half), and he said resolutely that he is going to start writing novels some day soon.

It is characteristic of this disjointed, carefree life that one often is apprised of some startling revelation the morning after. It was thus that I learned, the next day, that Timmy, who appeared plump and unathletic, was the holder of an important European judo championship. (In a more tragic vein, one day I heard that a middle-aged English woman, an indefatigable swinger who had complained to me and an American friend of mine about some rheumatic condition in her back, actually was suffering from cancer.) At the time, I didn't question the validity of these stories, whether I believed them or not, because apocrypha are not to be tampered with in Torremolinos.

Another night I was walking down a narrow street in Torremolinos with my American friend and the English swing-

(*Continued on page* 62)

WIT TWISTER #105

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Very little — — — — — — the
Bactrian camel—
Neither — — — — — — mon-
soon nor market-place trammel.
You can race him for miles, till
your bottom is sore,
And when you've scarcely — —
— — — —, he's ready for
more!

(*Answer on page* 62)

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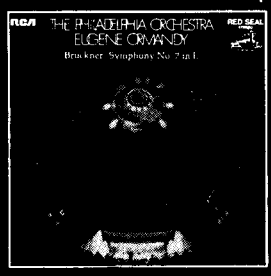

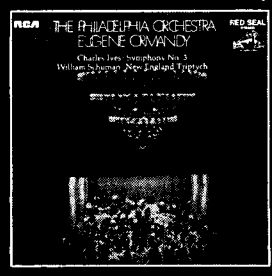

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—Bettmann Archive.

Gustav Mahler after a rendering by Fritz Erler.

SR/RECORDINGS

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MAHLER: A NEW IMAGE

By HENRY-LOUIS DE LA GRANGE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article marks the first appearance in print of materials gathered by Henry-Louis de La Grange for a forthcoming definitive biography of Mahler the first volume of which is scheduled for publication in spring 1970 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.*

EVERYTHING about Gustav Mahler—the fascination he exercised upon the audience, his sensational and controversial interpretations, his uncompromising character, the "splendid isolation" in which he lived, independent of all cliques, and finally his own "outrageous" compositions—has helped to create a legend that is often strengthened by books and contemporary reports. I have devoted many years to checking even the smallest facts in a life full of "sound and fury," which aroused so much violent prejudice. This slow and painstaking research has revealed some serious distortions of the truth which for too long have falsified both our picture of the man and our enjoyment of his music.

Sometimes Mahler himself was responsible for these distortions, due to simple lapses of memory. According to him, for instance, the house where he was born in Kalischt had no windowpanes. In fact, it was one of the biggest houses in the village, and part of it was used as a tavern. It seems impossible that a public meeting place could remain windowless for long.

Sometimes these distortions were made by others. For instance, Mahler made certain essential revelations to Natalie Bauer-Lechner, a friend with whom he had a long and continuous correspondence, which were deleted by unscrupulous editors after her death. Thus, he often spoke about certain youthful works, mentioned by all his biographers, though not one exists in its entirety. From Natalie's unpublished notes we now learn that most of them were incomplete, and that sometimes they were not even entirely written down: "At the Conservatoire [he told her] I never finished a single score. I usually stopped after the first or second movement, occasionally after the third . . . not because I was impatient to start another, but, because before even finishing my work, I was no longer satisfied with it. I had already moved beyond it. Who could have then guessed that this was not due to some inherent failing or lack of character, or perseverance?"

ALMOST all of Mahler's biographers repeat the well known story that when he and Krzyzanowski brought Bruckner their piano transcription of his Third Symphony, Bruckner declared: "Splendid! At last I will no longer need the Schalks." Franz Schalk was only fifteen in 1877, and this anecdote has always struck me as doubtful. Natalie's unpublished manuscript re-establishes the truth. The story had nothing to do with Mahler, though he told it often. In fact, it concerned a transcription by Hermann Behn, a Hamburg lawyer—a friend of Mahler—who went to Vienna many years later to work with Bruckner.

Most of Mahler's biographers state that his father, Bernhard, was a "free-thinking" Jew, and this fact is often used to explain Gustav's attitude toward Ju-

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daism and even his later conversion to Catholicism. But the Iglau newspapers and some unpublished anecdotes related by Natalie prove that Bernhard played a large part in Jewish community life in Iglau and that as a child Gustav attended the synagogue regularly. Though he well knew the artificiality of any "racial" concept, Mahler, even after his conversion, always felt part of the Jewish race. He did not practice Catholicism to any greater extent than he had practiced the religion of his fathers, but there is no doubt that his orthodox Jewish education exercised a considerable influence on his character.

MAHLER's use of "foreign" elements, which has for so long been ascribed to a lack of originality, should, on the contrary, be considered a specifically modern approach, a forerunner of the folklorism of Prokofiev or Bartók and the neoclassicism of Hindemith or Stravinsky. Even Stockhausen acknowledges a debt to Mahler, who "has integrated all the elements, from the most banal and the most commonplace, into a whole which transcends them." Mahler's conception of form is also original and closely resembles that of present-day creators. Instead of placing the material he had chosen at the service of a predetermined form, he considered it as an available whole and searched for its own inherent order.

In Mahler's lifetime a misunderstanding had already arisen that was all the more painful, more cruel, more persistent because it sprang from his own complex personality, from the multiplicity of his activities and gifts. Mahler's position in the history of music is unique in that as well as being a composer he was also a virtuoso performer, a theater director, and an administrator. Admittedly, he had only taken up conducting at the age of twenty to earn his living and continued in order to impose his own compositions on the musical world. "You are right," he said to Berg in 1907. "If you want to compose, you cannot allow yourself to enter the theater." Gradually, as vice became indispensable to de Musset's hero Lorenzaccio, Mahler's "secondary" activity absorbed most of his energy and, despite himself, became indispensable to him. He often complained, but at heart he must have known that his work as an "interpreter" satisfied an essential aspect of his nature.

His biographers have often given an inaccurate or at least an incomplete picture of his interpretive personality. They have spoken of the Wagnerian fervor which lasted all his life, but they have not always insisted sufficiently on his equally strong love of Mozart. A schedule of the performances that he conducted in Vienna, where he was free to select his own repertoire, faithfully mirrors his taste. At the top of the list comes *The Marriage of Figaro* (forty-eight performances in ten years), immediately followed by *The Magic Flute* (forty-seven performances). Only then come the Wagnerian dramas: *Rheingold* (forty-one), *Walküre* (thirty-five), *Tristan* (thirty-four), and *Götterdämmerung* (thirty-three). His admiration for Verdi has also been understated, in particular *Falstaff*, and even *Aïda*, which he conducted fourteen times in Vienna. He also admired Bellini: *Norma* was one of his favorite operas, according to Natalie.

As far as Mahler the man is concerned, most of the misunderstandings regarding his personality, his character, and the events in his life are based on partial truth. That Mahler could be bad-tempered, irritable, impatient, intolerant, fanatical, and incredibly demanding cannot be contested; on the other hand, neither can his childlike simplicity, his abnegation, and the idealism that enabled him to rise above sordid reality and thus avoid the "human weaknesses" of many great men. Some of those who knew him in his youth thought him ambitious, ruthless, interested mainly in his career. But even a superficial examination of his life shows us that his motives were never mean.

However, the most serious distortions of the truth—the most interesting also, for because of them an essential chapter of Mahler's life must be revised—are those that have been deliberately introduced and fostered by his wife in her two books *Mein Leben* and *Gustav Mahler*. The German versions of these two works are far more complete than their English translations, particularly regarding all the more delicate subjects.

The clearest and most detailed picture of Mahler which we possess is that drawn by his wife in her accounts of their life together. But, when one compares the facts with Frau Alma's versions of them, one is immediately struck by obvious discrepancies. She describes Mahler as a man of weak constitution, always suffering from some minor ill, constantly concerned about his health. It is true that he suffered all his life from fearful migraines, and from two serious and chronic illnesses: the first was a throat infection that was to be responsible for his final illness (and that, during his childhood, may have caused the malformation of his heart valves), and the second was hemorrhoids, which required several operations and which, in 1901, caused a serious and near fatal hemorrhage. Yet, all his life Mahler carried out his professional activities with an overwhelming and almost superhuman energy. He hardly ever canceled a rehearsal or a performance for reasons of health. In Hamburg, he conducted as many as 150 performances in a season, not counting rehearsals. In Vienna, he administered the theater, prepared the repertoire, rehearsed and staged the operas, and still found time to travel abroad to conduct his own works! During the summer, if he was not composing, he rowed, swam, climbed mountains, and took long excursions by bicycle or on foot. His appearance, which has been described in detail by Alfred Roller, was that of a slim, yet well-muscled sportsman. He ate and drank moderately because nothing was ever allowed to distract him from his triple mission in life.

Gustav Mahler — "could be bad-tempered, irritable, impatient, fanatical, . . . [with] childlike simplicity, abnegation, idealism."

NOT only does Frau Alma describe him as sickly, but in page after page she refers to him as an ascetic and egotistic man, incapable of loving anyone wholeheartedly. None of these statements could be challenged if certain documents, hitherto unknown, had not been found that throw a new light onto the intimate relationship of the couple. These include the complete and unpublished manuscript of Frau Alma's book on her husband, *Ein Leben mit Mahler*, the personal diary she kept when she was engaged to him, a few later passages from the same diary, and many unpublished letters that Mahler wrote to her. In these letters, occasional passages have been crossed out by Alma herself to conceal some awkward truth.

All those who knew Alma Mahler, even in old age, more or less succumbed to her charm. As well as being a great beauty, she possessed a quick mind and a taste for paradox, a wide knowledge of artistic matters, and an amazing intuition which enabled her to read people's thoughts and to sum up the extent of their submission to her. If Mahler was selfish, Alma was more selfish still. Her ambition, her highest aim, was to seduce, to fascinate, and even to enslave. To this end she used all her feminine resources, and she nearly always at-

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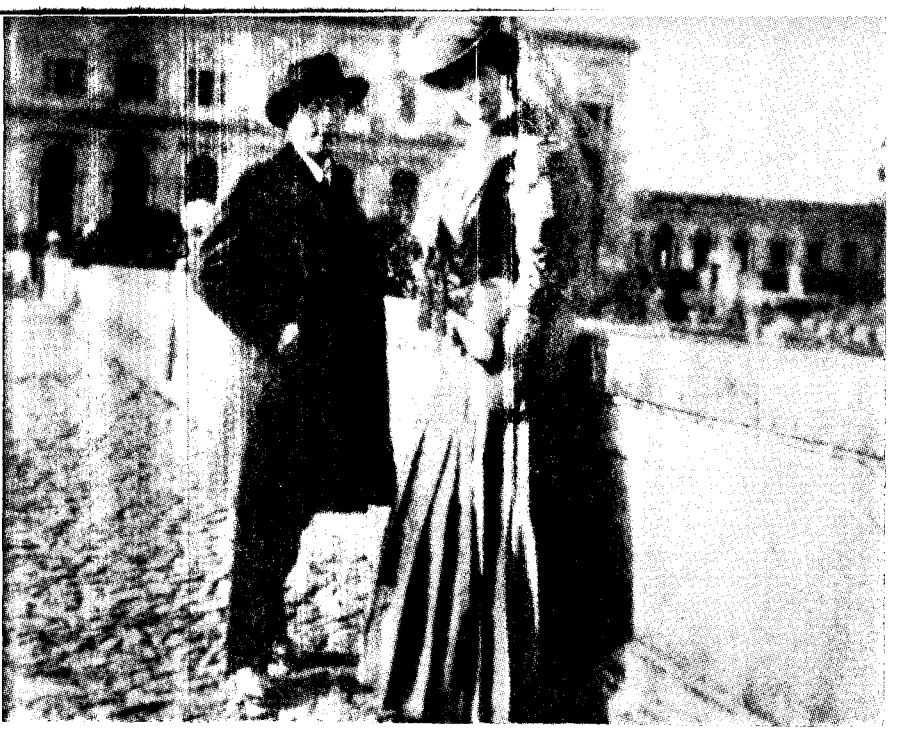
tained her goal. Her inner balance required constant verification of her power over others. All her life she moved from one conquest to another, hating all those who resisted her. With a disconcerting candor, she reveals in her diary some of the innermost workings of her psychology. In *Mein Leben*, she confesses that Alexandre Zemlinsky had tried his best to seduce her. But it was not previously known that their attraction had been mutual, and that at the very moment when she first met Mahler she was, or thought she was, madly in love with Zemlinsky. She had even made up her mind to have a child by him. For a while she hesitated between Mahler and Zemlinsky: "I am in a terrible dilemma," she wrote at that time in her diary. "I keep whispering, 'My beloved,' immediately followed by: 'Alex!' . . . Could I ever love Mahler as he deserves? . . . I don't know my own heart, I don't know if I love him or not; if it is the director, the great conductor, or the man? . . . If I remove the one, can I feel anything for the other, or for his art, which is so totally foreign to me? I'm afraid. . . . We kissed without our bodies touching. His hands are expressive, but I don't love them as much as I love Alex's. . . . What shall I do?"



Mahler and his wife in Rome, March 1907.

IT should not, however, be imagined that this inner conflict distracted Alma from her seductive enterprises: Mahler had only just left for Berlin when a young man, "handsome, rich, cultured, and musical," arrived at her home and threatened to commit suicide if she did not agree to marry him at once. She was filled with "friendly pity" for him and described the scene to Mahler in a letter which, not surprisingly, was badly received. In December 1901, she told Zemlinsky that she was secretly engaged to Mahler; nonetheless, she went on taking lessons from him and admired the "strength of mind" that enabled him to continue seeing her. While Mahler was in Berlin, one evening at the opera, she noticed a young doctor and admired his eyes, "black as night," and his "long, beautiful hands." She stared at him and, the two "never took their eyes off one another" during the intervals. Afterward Alma felt some remorse, but she thought that she had remained faithful to Mahler, for such desire-filled glances "do not come from the heart." She was nonetheless conscious of her real nature sometimes and admitted in her diary that she was "incapable of warmth of feeling": "Everything about me is calculation, cold, cold calculation," she once wrote.

This exceptional lucidity is in itself a redeeming feature of her character. It would be easy to assume from her diary that her entire life was based on "calculation." Such outspokenness about her own shortcomings proves at least that she could be honest toward herself even if, for various reasons, she sometimes distorted the truth. Those who have read the original, unpublished versions of her various books know that, when she wrote, she was her own worst enemy. All human beings are a mass of contradictions, and Alma was no exception. She was a musician of rare sensitivity and ability; Mahler never ceased to admire her talent, although she herself was never a wholehearted admirer of *his* art. Despite her "calculating" mind, she had, as well as charm and beauty, a warmth which drew people to her. She could be both extravagantly generous and inordinately mean; dignity meant nothing to Alma, yet there was something of the Greek goddess about her which incited people to make offerings.

Why did she decide to marry Mahler? Here again her diary gives us the answer, in the absence of essential documents: the letters she wrote to her husband and which she later destroyed. Mahler was "the most important man," "the purest," the greatest genius that she had ever met. She was no doubt deeply flattered that he was so much in love with her; she also hoped that he would transform her and "raise her up to his level." At that time Mahler was forty; he had been director of the Vienna Opera for four years, and his personality was solidly formed. Because of this he captivated Alma, who was only twenty-three. Therefore, she was never able to exercise her dominating instincts on him. Thus the conflict was permanent. With each new conquest she made, she rediscovered her real self and consequently felt again all the frustration and obscurity of her life as Mahler's wife. Hence the "crises," the "anguish," which she mentions so often in her books.

As for Mahler, he was, at the time of their engagement, far more lucid than was hitherto believed, as a most important document still in existence proves. This is the letter that he sent to his fiancée on December 19, 1901, before returning from Berlin. In her book Alma mentions this letter, in which he forbade her to compose, but she later destroyed it. Luckily a copy remains in one of the typescripts of her book. It proves that Mahler knew she was both vain and flirtatious. He openly reproached her for her behavior toward other men and asked her to give up everything in order to devote herself to him. In the face of his firmness, she agreed, promised to mend her ways, and swore she would give up composing, which had until then been "her only reason for living."

Though Mahler was, in fact, egotistical and dominating, he well knew what it was to love. This is proved by the many little notes that he would send to Alma from the station when he left at dawn on a trip, so that she would receive them while she was still in bed. His affection for her was infinitely tender. If he did not make her happy, one can only wonder who else could have succeeded! He lived for music and could not devote himself exclusively to his wife; but even if he had been able to fulfill her every whim, would she have been any happier? Alma pictures him as an ascetic, disdaining the flesh and living only for the spirit. Here again the truth is otherwise. He was far from inexperienced in love, and, if he pretended to be, it was no doubt to avoid creating retrospective jealousy in his wife. The

(*Continued on page* 57)

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The Greater Handel

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

THE first recording of Handel's *Theodora* may well be the most important addition to the available repertoire of baroque music in fifteen years. Vanguard's Cardinal VCS-10500/1/2 (stereo, $10.50) is not nearly a perfect performance or a perfect recording (what is?), but *Theodora*, like Mount Everest, is unquestionably "there." Handel himself considered it to be the best of his oratorios.

Messiah aside—and that "congregational" oratorio is unique, a sort of biological sport, rather than typical—*Theodora* has been regarded by many Handelians, the present writer among them, as the marvelous Anglo-German's single greatest creation. Alone among his dramatic oratorios, it mingles Christian (though not biblical) and pagan subject matter. Thomas Morell "invented" the text for Act I, but based that of the other two acts upon what Winton Dean called "a historical novel with an edifying purpose": *The Martyrdom of Theodora and Didymus*—the story of a double fourth-century martyrdom published in 1687 by Robert Boyle, the great English chemist and physicist. And one is likely to suppose that because Handel himself was a believing Christian of unmistakably pagan nature, the often appallingly phrased Morell text set to vibrating the deepest, most intimate chords of the aging man's religion and philosophy, with results that simultaneously recall two other aging composers, J. S. Bach and Giuseppe Verdi. However that may have been, *Theodora* is magnificent. It was performed first at Covent Garden, London, on March 16, 1750, with Giulia Frasi (Theodora), Caterina Galli (Irene), Gaetano Guadagni (Didymus), Thomas Lowe (Septimius), and Thomas Reinhold (Valens).

Conducted by Johannes Somary, the recorded performance has the Amor Artis Chorale, the English Chamber Orchestra, and this cast: Heather Harper (Theodora), Maureen Lehane (Irene), Maureen Forrester (Didymus), Alexander Young (Septimius), and John Lawrenson (Valens). The package includes a brochure with the text as sung and an excellent essay on *Theodora* by S. W. Bennett. To the recording company, one wants to say: "Many thanks for this gift, flawed though it is. It will do until there comes along a recording of *Theodora* worthy of Handel in all its details."

Beginning with Handel himself, authorities have agreed that to perform all of *Theodora* as originally conceived is to risk the boredom of excess. Yes, the first act contains too many *da capo* arias; the repeats can be deleted in some instances. And yes, a few, a very few, of the numbers themselves can be omitted. By a quick count, at least four *da capo* repeats have here been edited out, and without noticeable damage. But I also count at least five arias as having vanished. And two of them cannot be omitted without maiming the musico-dramatic structure. Where Handel ended a scene with an aria, it simply will not do to omit that aria and thus let the scene evaporate inconclusively on recitative (as is here done with Act II, Scene 3; and Act III, Scene 2). Another disaffecting deletion has been made: Theodora's explanatory accompanied recitative just before her duet with Irene in Act III, Scene 1. These are not musicological nit-pickings, but matters of textual integrity as it affects the whole architecture of the oratorio. That architecture unhappily is also weakened by a break (unavoidable?) between Side 3 and Side 4— this occurs after the atmospheric symphony and before the recitative and aria ("With darkness deep") for Theodora for which it has exquisitely prepared the mood.

Mr. Somary's tempi strike me as churchily "traditional," almost as if he determined to skimp drama in favor of the often unattractive religiosity of Morell's text rather than to keep his baton responsive to those aspects of it—its human tragedy and profound human feelings—which fired Handel's genius. If his general, overall tempo—which clearly is too slow—had been speeded up to a more theatrical pace, all essential sections of the score might have been included on these three records, the "necessity" of injudicious slashing having been eliminated.

And then there is the singing. These are all artists of more than mere competence. But they are here afflicted by that pall of churchiness much of the time. Nor do they either introduce an essential minimum of improvised ornamentation or produce genuine trills when a few are attempted. Much of the text as they sing it and as it was recorded (Wrong microphone placement? Injudicious balancing of instruments and voices?) is wholly incomprehensible. Is there really any excuse for pronouncing "chastity" as "chass-tuh-tee"?

A word must be said about the problem of Didymus (whose name, for some reason, is here spelled Didimus). Handel wrote this central role of the Roman-soldier hero for the alto castrato Gaetano Guadagni (who thirteen years later would create the role of Orfeo for Gluck). Of course, we cannot geld a promising boy alto in the hope that *Theodora* may therefore be performed properly some years later. But of all the excellent singers available—for the unsatisfactory solution of having this role sung by a female contralto—Maureen Forrester is probably the least likely to sound like a Roman soldier in love. The intensely female quality of her voice and her super-propriety as a singing personality combine to leave Didymus on the verge of the comic (though she must be praised for making the text-words clear, however priggish her phrasing of them may sound). On the opposite side, Heather Harper would approach perfection as Theodora if only she had been conducted with more verve and had inserted trills and other ornaments where the context cries out for them.

But none of these cavilings diminishes Handel—or *Theodora*. Wonder after wonder, the strokes of genius are let fall, the beauties marshaled. Listen particularly in Act I for Theodora's "Fond, flattering world" and "Angels, ever bright and fair," Irene's "As with rosy steps," and Didymus's "Kind Heaven." In Act II—which, as Winton Dean wrote, "has claims to rank as the finest single act in any of the oratorios"—note the two symphonies, the choruses "Queen of Summer, Queen of Love," "Venus, laughing from the skies," and—most particularly—"He saw the lovely youth" (which Handel rightly thought finer than the "Hallelujah Chorus" in *Messiah*), Valens's "Wide spread his name," Theodora's "Oh that on wings I could rise," Irene's "Defend her, Heaven," Didymus's "Sweet rose and lily," and the extraordinary duet for Theodora and Didymus, "To thee, thou glorious son of worth." Finally, in Act III pay close attention to Irene's "Lord, to thee each night and day," Septimius's "From virtue springs each generous deed," and the choruses "How strange their ends" and "Oh love divine." These alone suffice to explain Mozart's remark about Handel, "When he chooses, he strikes like a thunderbolt," and make understandable Beethoven's having said, with some exaggeration: "Handel is the greatest of us all!"

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Nostalgia: Oldies but Goodies and a Last Ditch Attempt

By ELLEN SANDER

WE ARE experiencing a rock 'n' roll revival, a pop boomlet of early rock styles and artists. Elvis Presley's recent TV special was received with enthusiastic acclaim by a national network audience, Jerry Lee Lewis's one-night stand at The Scene was a much-awaited event, and when the Everly Brothers played The Bitter End in Greenwich Village, even Bob Dylan came by to listen. Chuck Berry tore up New York's Fillmore East when he played there in February (as a last-minute replacement for Jeff Beck) and after three encores fans stood and wailed for more. The most emphasized aspect of the last Beatles album is the jivey tribute paid to their influencers, and Tiny Tim's latest single is a re-enactment of "Great Balls of Fire."

Dale Hawkins's "Susie Q." was resurrected into a full-blown top-forty hit by Creedence Clearwater Revival, a San Francisco group, and Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" is, at one time or another, a vital part of the repertoire of every rock band.

As the pop creative community becomes audacious enough to dig its own roots, it also elevates its own elder statesmen. The ground breakers of pop—Elvis Presley, Buddy Knox, Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry, Little Richard—are experiencing the critical legitimacy of contemporary pop exponents, and with it new popularity.

An example of pop's inclination to erect its own monuments is the recent release of the remaining available tapes of the late Buddy Holly. *Giant* (Coral) is a collection of material in the can, personal family tapes, and unfinished recording efforts by Buddy Holly. The production was carefully worked; strings and rhythm sections were pieced on, Holly's voice was dubbed in, and the entire intricate operation was performed like a heart transplant. As a result, there is a surprisingly contemporary ballad-like interpretation of "Love Is Strange" and a full-blown rock 'n' roll "Good Rockin' Tonight," executed as if it were a complete, intact original. The latter and "Blue Monday" were built around homemade tapes. According to the liner notes, the original tapes had to be transferred to a multi-track recorder, and the additional accompaniment dubbed in by studio musicians. It was no mean feat, and the results, while not perfection, are eminently passable and historically valuable. Despite technical shortcomings, *Giant* is a wonderful emergence.

Jerry Lee Lewis, the shrieking obscenity of the 1950s, is now a country artist. He's either outgrown rock or vice versa, for his new recording personality is as much a vital moving force as his original. Lewis characterized early rock 'n' roll and forecasted the sexual hysteria to follow with a shock of exploding hair, a double-fisted piano style, and a frantic finale during which he writhed on the floor, howling and clawing at his clothes. His two latest releases, "Another Place Another Time" and "She Still Comes Around," are sedate by comparison, but every bit as relevant.

Philips Records has announced the signing of Screaming Jay Hawkins, and Fats Domino is currently recording for Warner Brothers Reprise. The beat goes on.

The interest in early (post-Presley/pre-Beatles) rock 'n' roll is a peculiar sort of nostalgia. It is a significant backward glance into a culture a little over ten years old. The changes that have gone down in this last decade document the recognition of rock as a cultural entity and, by extension, the recognition of the young as a potent social force. The characteristic difference between a 1959 hit and a 1969 hit gives a vital insight into the sophistication of the children of rock 'n' roll. "Yakety Yak," a hit by the Coasters in the 1950s, is a disgruntled commentary on parental authority. The present-day pop protest expresses cool cynicism and flashing outrage against a more generalized and more formidable Establishment. The 1959 youngster had his curfew to cope with, today's draft-age youth argues for his own life, for humanity. Essentially, it is the same discontent, forced into sophistication by the weaponry that threatens it.

Rock has come of age in an era when norms are measured by extremes and the culture heroes are freaks. A nostalgic cycle in pop harking back to the hip-swiveling, hot rod choking, lovelorn-sequined explosion of early pop is a yearning for innocence, as strange as that might seem. The realization that pop music has set the style for the most vital cultural element to affect the Western world since movies tantalized a Depression audience into material success orientation is nothing compared to hearing love-songs to the accouterments (blue suede shoes and tail-finned cars) of teentime in the 1950s. Remembering how young we once were is just as encouraging as reminding ourselves how far we've come, with a sense of humility and a sense of humor.

The oldies are their own satire; they document and caricature themselves and their descendants. Somewhere in the great absurd, Frank Zappa tuned in.

Ruben & The Jets (Verve), the latest release by the Mothers of Invention (graced with a high-school picture of Frank Zappa), is presented as "a last ditch attempt to get their cruddy music on the radio." It's an album of The Mothers as mad historians, caricaturing a caricature and making it work. They exult the sexual symbolism of early rock by calling the shots. "Cheap Thrills in the back of my car" wouldn't have gotten by the censors in the old days, but it sounds disconcertingly familiar now. The Mothers camp it up with reconstructed oldies spoofing the elusiveness and the immediacy that brought teeny-boppers out in droves to the Murray the K. rock 'n' roll tours and the American Bandstand.

The Mothers of Invention reign as the prime purveyors of irreverent insight into American culture, and this time around, they are entrenching themselves. And as severe a reflection of the absurdity of itself as it is, *Ruben & The Jets* is a collection of good tunes. It has a beat and you can dance to it. It tells it like it always was, much to everyone's embarrassment, except theirs, and makes it fun to listen to at the same time. It's patently obscene without containing one dirty word. Now you've got to admit, that's class.

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Recordings in Review

The Best of Barber, and of Price.

BARBER: *"Give Me Some Music" and "Give Me My Robe, Put on My Crown" (Antony and Cleopatra); Knoxville: Summer of 1915. Leontyne Price, soprano; with Thomas Schippers conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra.* RCA Victor stereo, LSC 3062, $5.98.

HAD it not been for the intransigence of some union factions when a recording of the opening night's performance of *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Metropolitan Opera in Lincoln Center was proposed, the contents of Side 1 of this issue—along with all the rest of the score—might long ago have been public knowledge. But the embargo on that enterprise has—unintentionally, of course—its virtuous outcome, in taking the recording out of the tumult and confusion of that all-too-memorable evening in September 1966, and giving the music a prominence and consideration it deserves but did not enjoy in Franco Zeffirelli's ostentatious, over-elaborate production.

It will confirm, for those who have not had the opportunity to check back on their initial impressions, or were denied such impressions altogether, that there is music in this score of higher quality than was generally acknowledged at the time. For my part, I would have preferred more of Act III (at the expense of the soliloquy in Act I), where Barber's best was in full flow. But there is no question that the setting of "Give Me My Robe, Put on My Crown" is the best of that best, and that it came just where it should in any opera—at the moment of climax (which, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, is certainly at the moment of Cleopatra's death). The earlier "Give Me Some Music" has less appeal for me, but it does play its part in the dramatic sequence. Those who are sufficiently familiar with the score to note certain alterations may wonder at the insertion here and there of orchestral elements not previously present. The answer is that Barber has chosen to rework this material involving Cleopatra into a self-sufficient sequence for concert purposes (in which form it has already been sung by Miss Price).

Certainly she is in lustrous voice here, with a freedom of sound, discipline of means, and control of purpose commanded only by a great vocalist. Every note is shaped to perform its function in the phrase, and each phrase is shaped, like a link in a chain, to bear its share of the total stress. Understandably, the music is much more in her voice than it was in 1966, the intensity measured rather than unrestrained.

The coupling with *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* is ideally conceived to match the Barber of 1949 with the composer of a decade and a half later. Miss Price performs it with beauty of sound, a rapturous involvement of mood, and simplicity of statement. It is difficult, however, for her to point her tone or pinpoint its force as successfully as Eleanor Steber did in her first (Columbia) recording. Schippers is totally in command of the orchestra's participation on both sides, and the recording (produced by Richard Mohr, with Robert Auger as recording engineer) is brilliantly full and beautifully balanced.

Meet Nelson Freire

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto No. 1 in B-flat minor.* GRIEG: *Concerto in A minor.* SCHUMANN: *Concerto in A minor.* LISZT: *Totentanz. Nelson Freire, piano; with Rudolf Kempe conducting the Munich Philharmonic.* Columbia M2X 798, $7.98.

WHEN was the last time a new pianist was introduced by a recording of four major works with orchestra? Never, perhaps. More to the point: What manner of musical man is Nelson Freire, and is there artistic justification for the unusual promotional gambit? To my taste, Freire (born twenty-five years ago in Boa Esperança, Brazil, where Freires are known as Frehrs) is one of those rare individuals who makes contact in a way reserved for the exceptions destined to be with us for a long time to come.

Nelson Freire — "should stimulate jaded taste buds."

Having sampled the playing of the Schumann and Grieg concertos first, the initial reaction to the other concerto was: "Who wants to hear Tchaikovsky played by a German orchestra under the direction of a German conductor?" But that was reckoning without the ability of the exceptionally communicative Freire to take over the performance and make it his own. Each time he reappears in Movement I, he charges the atmosphere anew, with the kind of momentum, animation, and bigness of statement that cannot be taught.

A hurricane of pianistic power in the Tchaikovsky, Freire commends himself in Schumann and Grieg for the newly molded, plastic form he gives to their familiar phrases. That is to say, they have been subjected to the warmth of his temperament and the pressure of his personality, and react responsively to the elements of individuality they convey.

What this means, really, is that in addition to being a prodigious technician, who can go in any direction, pianistically, that his fancy dictates—listen to those crisp, completely defined octaves at the end of Movement I of the Tchaikovsky Concerto—Freire's is a mentality to which the music speaks an intelligible discourse. This may seem an all-too-simple formulation for a far-from-simple result, but it would surprise the lay listener how many performers of otherwise high accomplishment would not qualify for such a compliment.

So far Freire is known to an American public only in Los Angeles, where his debut was sponsored, within recent weeks, by no less a discriminating musician than Pierre Boulez. While other centers await their turn (which won't come before late 1969), this recording—at its advantageous price—should stimulate jaded taste buds for those to whom these works have lost the charm of novelty. Kempe does a fine work of collaboration.

Early Strauss in Sequence

STRAUSS: *Eight Songs (Op. 10); Five Songs (Op. 15); Six Songs (Op. 17). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; with Gerald Moore, piano.* Angel stereo, S-36483, $5.79.

TO the casual eye, the legend above will be testimonial merely to the thoroughness of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and perhaps his ambition to record (at least once) every song of quality within his vocal range. But to those acquainted with the Strauss catalogue, and the significance suggested by these opus numbers, the contents of the disc will hold a special kind of promise.

For it was as a composer of songs that "Straussian" (as applied to Richard)

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first became a word to be reckoned with. Among two of Strauss's greatest songs are "Zueignung" ("Devotion") and "Allerseelen" ("All Souls' Day"). The first of them is actually No. 1 of his Opus 10 (the first collection of his songs to be published); the other is No. 8—and Opus 10 bears the date of 1882-83, or before Strauss had reached his twentieth birthday. Moving on to the next sequences, Opus 15 contains "Madrigal" (in which a hint of *Rosenkavalier* makes an appearance), and No. 2 of Opus 17 is the inimitable "Ständchen" ("Serenade"), all composed before he was twenty-two.

To be sure, there has been no lack of opportunity to hear, enjoy, and absorb these great songs. What Fischer-Dieskau (and Moore, whose deft fingering of the accompaniment of "Ständchen" belongs in the company of the performance by Gieseking of his own transcription) has provided is the opportunity to put them not only in the perspective of the other music Strauss was writing at this early point of his career, but, specifically, in the perspective of the other, less often performed songs around them. As tends to happen, it shows that preference did indeed gravitate to the best material, but that all are equally "Straussian."

Having said so much, it remains to be said that great as Fischer-Dieskau is in some of these songs, he is rather perversely unsatisfactory in others. Why one of those in the latter category should be the aforementioned "Zueignung," I have no way of knowing. Possibly too great an effort to make it distinctively his own has inclined him to interpret its *moderato* marking as close to *andante*. Match this with an overstress on certain words, and the result is difficult to square with a singer of his cultivation.

In most of the others—and unfailingly in those which are flowing or lyric—Fischer-Dieskau is in his full glory as king of the realm. When he encounters a dramatic challenge, Fischer-Dieskau inclines to over-react, but there has not come my way as good a version of "Ständchen" (by a male singer) since that of Heinrich Schlusnus. The partnership of singer and accompanist is an equation in balance from first to last, and the German recording is excellent.

Irving Schwerké with Planté (right) at the ninetieth birthday concert which produced the reissued recordings.

The Legendary Planté

THIS disc will fascinate many, and distress a few. The latter are those far-flung collectors who might, in some way, have acquired the originals of these discs by the legendary Francis Planté and hoarded them as a hedge against the drop in price of their diamonds. The others, by far more numerous, are those aficionados of pianists and piano playing who may have read or heard of the incredible exploits of the French-born Planté, who played for both Berlioz and Debussy, and lived on to perform past his ninetieth birthday. This is generally considered the most formidable feat in the lore of musical geriatrics, especially as Planté had first played in public at seven and had an active career of more than eighty-three years. He died in 1934, five years short of celebrating the 100th anniversary of his birth in 1839.

It is among the factors of good fortune in this issue that the instigator of the session that produced the 78 rpm discs herein reproduced has endured to write the absorbing story of its origin. He is Irving Schwerké, distinguished critic and longtime Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Daily Tribune*, who now lives and teaches in Appleton, Wisconsin. It was in consequence of hearing Planté perform in 1928 that Schwerké persuaded a representative of Columbia in France to undertake a recording. As Mahomet would not come to the mountain, the mountain was moved to St. Avit (not far from Mont-de-Marsan) and set up in Planté's studio.

Though the otherwise informative brochure (to which the West Coast collector Harry Anderson is a contributor as well as Schwerké) is vague on the technical means employed, the presumption is that it was done with a microphone, as the electrical method of recording had come in by then. This is also supported by the sound of the instrument, which is vastly better than was possible in the acoustic period, though far from what has become possible since. There is, in any case, sufficient likeness of piano sound to make the fabled accounts of Planté's "floating tone" believable.

MOST of all, the two sides bear conclusive evidence of a vigorous performer in hearty good health, able to articulate the passage work of a Chopin étude at his preferred tempo, capable of stroking a bass chord with a leonine paw. Musically, the playing has its share of idiosyncrasies, especially in the shorter pieces embellished by what might be called salon mannerisms. But there is, even in these, a charm that transcends eccentricities, and, in the absorbing Chopin side, performances of an authenticity and flavor that will illuminate as well as entertain. To Messrs. Schwerké, Anderson, and the authorities of the International Piano Library, a formal vote of thanks . . . and to Artur Rubinstein, the encouraging word that he still has a career objective.

Planté Discography

SCHUMANN: *Romance, Op. 28, No. 2, F-sharp major*	D 13061
GLUCK-PLANTE: *Gavotte (fr. Iphigenia in Aulis)*	D 13062
BOCCHERINI-PLANTE: *Menuet*	D 13062
BERLIOZ-REDON: *Sérénade de Méphisto (fr. The Damnation of Faust)*	D 13061
MENDELSSOHN: *Scherzo, Op. 16, No. 2, E minor*	D 13057
MENDELSSOHN: *Song Without Words, Op. 67, No. 6*	D 13057
MENDELSSOHN: *Song Without Words, Op. 67, No. 4*	D 13058
MENDELSSOHN: *Song Without Words, Op. 62, No. 6*	D 13058
MENDELSSOHN: *Song Without Words, Op. 19, No. 3*	D 13059
SCHUMANN: *Romance, Op. 32, No. 2*	D 15091
CHOPIN: *Etude, Op. 25, No. 2*	D 13060
CHOPIN: *Etude, Op. 25, No. 9*	D 13059
CHOPIN: *Etude, Op. 10, No. 7*	D 13060
SCHUMANN-DEBUSSY: *A La Fontaine, Op. 85, No. 9*	D 15089
CHOPIN: *Etude, Op. 25, No. 1*	D 15090
CHOPIN: *Etude, Op. 10, No. 5*	D 15090
CHOPIN: *Etude, Op. 10, No. 4*	D 15091
CHOPIN: *Etude, Op. 25, No. 11*	D 15089

All recorded in Planté's home in Mont-de-Marsan, France. Released in France in April 1929, except for D 13062 and D 15089, which were released somewhat later in Japan on J 5174 and J 8297, respectively. It has been suggested that Planté recorded the Chopin études while reading his music—which was a first edition and contains many variants from what is accepted as authentic today. These variants can be heard in these recordings.

Available to members from the International Piano Library, 215 West 91st Street, New York City. Membership fee is $10 and discs are offered at cost (approximately $6).

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Berlioz: *Symphonie fantastique.* Leopold Stokowski conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. London stereo, SPC 21031, $5.79.	Despite the alphabet of conductors who have been associated with this work, and the long years of phonographic effort associated, under S, with Stokowski, there is no ready recollection of a predecessor for this partnership with Berlioz (or, really, of any history of a concert hall affiliation). Thus it has interests for either Stokowski or Berlioz enthusiasts, as well as for those who are both. These interests ebb and flow in the first three sections, which are characterized by the kinds of liberties Stokowski has always indulged where tempi and dynamics are concerned, also by the finesse of performance	which has long equated LS/MFT with "Leopold Stokowski Means Fine Tone." It is on Side 2 (the "Scène aux champs" is split across the turnover) that the real focus of the recording becomes apparent, with the contrabassoon plucked out of context and brought to the ear as a solo instrument, percussion over-prominently displayed, and the gimmickry of London's "Phase 4," which makes some pop records entertaining, misapplied. Thus, the match of Stokowski and Berlioz is a tie, with the engineers casting the deciding vote against the composer.
Dvořák: Slavonic Dances (Op. Nos. 46 and 72). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 7208, $5.98.	Those who wonder a) whether these fine performances are the same as those which originally circulated in a two-disc set and b) whether they should be aggrieved at their appearance now on a single disc are c) both right and d) wrong. They are basically the same fine performances included previously in M2S 726, but the transfer to a single disc has been achieved at the elimination of the *Carnival* Overture included on Side 4 of the original issue, and also by the suppression of most repeats in the sixteen	dances. Chances are that neither will detract from their appeal to those who want as good a performance as there is of these irresistibly appealing and enduringly refreshing works. At one time, that would have meant the festival of dance conducted by Václav Talich, but Szell's command of substance has grown steadily in the last two decades, and the finesse with which he achieves his objectives is beyond most competitors. For all the crowding, the sound remains excellent.
Handel: Organ Concertos (Op. 7, Nos. 1-6). Carl Weinrich, organ; with Arthur Fiedler conducting. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 7052, $11.98 (two discs).	According to the liner comments of J. Merrill Knapp, professor of music at Princeton, Handel's organ concertos are "essentially happy, improvisatory music. . . ," an opinion with which no one would be disposed to quarrel. It would, indeed, have yielded more engaging results had something of the "happy" and the "improvisatory" found its way into these performances, which are, for my taste, rather strait-laced and slow moving. The best results occur on the last of the four sides, where the character of No. 5 in G minor and (especially) No. 6 in B flat accord	with Weinrich's disposition, and the result, if not happy in the jolly sense, is happy in the match of music and manner. The Fiedler Sinfonietta, as the accompanying group is called, does a performance well worthy of Commonwealth Avenue, though it strikes me that Fiedler had gotten better, even happier, results in such music on a prior occasion (with E. Power Biggs). The organ is the Holtkamp instrument in the General Theological Seminary in New York. Sound clean, balance good.
Lalo: *Symphonie espagnole.* Ravel: *Tzigane.* Itzhak Perlman, violin; with André Previn conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 3073, $5.98.	If there has been a more beautifully played, fully satisfying version of Lalo in recent years, it hasn't made its way to my turntable. This applies not only to the uniformly admirable Perlman, whom I have yet to hear give an offhand or indifferent performance of anything, but also to the orchestral support directed by Previn. The partnership presents the work in full five-movement form, and, if the "Intermezzo" is not a work of arresting individuality (for which reason it is customarily omitted), it has its place in the sequence. For that matter,	both Ps regard the orchestra as legitimately entitled to more prominence than it commonly enjoys, and the work is much the better for it, especially as Previn's blending of solo and orchestral sounds shows that he is attaining much more command of such niceties than he formerly possessed. The Ravel is also well played, though not with quite the flair and dash of the Lalo. The production team headed by Peter Delheim, with Alek Rosner as recording engineer, merits mention for an uncommonly vivid, well-balanced presentation.
Mozart: Concerto in C (K. 314). Leon Goossens, oboe; with Colin Davis conducting. Symphony No. 34 in C (K. 338). Davis conducting The Sinfonia of London. Victrola stereo, VICS 1382, $2.50.	There is nothing on the sleeve of this issue to date its time of recording, though its attribution to The World Record Club is a clue of sorts. To judge from the cover picture of Goossens and Davis, the conductor therein represented is rather a younger man than one just named to succeed Georg Solti as musical head of Covent Garden. Whatever the age, the consequential fact is that this is vintage Goossens, showing him in command of all the finesse, facility, and taste that made his name a legend prior to his unfortunate lip accident in 1962 (another	fact omitted from the liner copy, which offers a biographical sketch both scanty and inadequate). The lingeringly exquisite phrasing of the slow movement suggests that Goossens is savoring every moment of fulfillment. The C-major ("ohne Minuet") is capably performed, but without the decisiveness of thrust which characterizes Davis's work these days. Both works are attractively reproduced and, at the quoted price, decidedly in the bargain category. (Late word is that the year of this vintage Goossens is 1960.)
Mozart: *Serenata Notturna* (K. 239); Divertimenti (K. 136, 137, 138). Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DGG stereo, SLPM 139003, $5.79.	Prior experience has taught that Karajan's adventures into this literature are apt to be something special, and this is no exception. As is his wont, Karajan's view of the delightfully scored (two string ensembled, and timpani) *Serenata* is very much his own, with a broader, more ceremonial tempo than the "Menuetto" is usually accorded, and an accordingly broad statement of the concluding "Rondo." Unconventional as it is, it conjures up pictures—as one Salzburger to another—of a social scene that may well have been in Mozart's mind. The three earlier "Salzburg" Divertimenti provide relatively less for the sophistications of Karajan to concern themselves with, but No. 3 in F	takes a surprising turn, as it progresses toward a maturity of thought and expression in which Mozart, at sixteen, was anticipating the "older" Mozart—say seventeen, or seventeen and a half. The playing throughout is a model of the meticulous and the finely cut (in a tailoring sense). However, it is clear that, in this music, Karajan aspires to make the Berlin Philharmonic sound as much like the Vienna Phil. as possible. In this he succeeds to the extent of disguising the normally more incisive Berlin Philharmonic string sound. The question is: Has it been done in the actual playing itself? Or is it a function of specially selected microphones and a filtering arrangement? A clear answer would be welcome. —Irving Kolodin.

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Music's Debt to Ernest Ansermet

Arthur Haddy, Chief Engineer, London-Decca, talks with Thomas Heinitz.

WITH THE DEATH of Ernest Ansermet, at the age of eighty-five, Decca has lost a friend of long standing and an outstanding musician whose later career was intimately bound up with the company's spectacular progress in recording techniques since the end of World War II. Although our permanent association with the great Swiss conductor began in 1946, when he came to London and led the London Philharmonic in the first of several famous recordings of Stravinsky's *Petrouchka,* Ansermet's name first appeared on Decca labels as long ago as 1929.

This was almost a decade before I joined the company, and the music he then recorded with a scratch ensemble (described as the Decca String Orchestra) at the Chenil Galleries in Chelsea comprised six of Handel's Opus 6 Concerti Grossi. When Ansermet came to London in 1946, we had already used our freshly developed ffrr technique on a number of recordings by the National Symphony Orchestra under Sidney Beer, but it was Ansermet's set of *Petrouchka* that first brought home to critics and collectors that recording techniques had taken a dramatic step forward.

At those sessions it soon became clear that Ansermet, with his remarkable ear for textures and inner balance, his stimulating yet businesslike approach, and his keen interest in what we were trying to achieve, was the collaborator we needed. Orchestra and recording crew found him most congenial to work with, and the records that were produced at these Kingsway Hall sessions set a standard that was not surpassed until the arrival of LP. But it was not only new concepts in hi-fi which Ansermet brought to us in 1946; for I recall how, at a sandwich lunch between sessions, he astonished all of us present by producing a tin labeled Nescafé that he had brought from Switzerland and regaled us with our first sight, smell, and taste of instant coffee.

Although Ansermet had founded his own Geneva orchestra, the Suisse Romande, as long ago as 1918, his first postwar recordings for Decca were made with the London Philharmonic and Paris Conservatoire orchestras. However, when we established Decca Europe in Zurich in 1947, the way was opened for us to record Ansermet on his home ground.

At that time, the Suisse Romande was still a comparatively small ensemble, based on six cellos and four basses, but after a rare outburst from Ansermet in reply to a control-room demand for "more bass"—"How can I make four basses sound like eight?"—steps were taken to enlarge the establishment to normal symphonic proportions. From that time onward Geneva became our most fruitful location for orchestral recordings, and it is surely no exaggeration to claim that Ansermet and his polyglot orchestra (which includes not only Swiss players but also musicians from France, Italy, Germany, and Britain) owed their international reputation very largely to the records they made for us.

I have already mentioned Ansermet's very special qualifications as a conductor who pursued the very ideals of tonal fidelity and clarity of texture toward which we were striving. As a former mathematician, he was always keenly interested in the technical means we employed; and, whenever a new piece of equipment was installed at the Victoria Hall, "Uncle Ernie" demanded a full explanation from our engineers. He was always ready to help us by adjusting the dynamic range of his performances to the requirements of the medium, thereby avoiding arbitrary compression from the control room wherever possible; yet, unlike some conductors, he never sought to usurp the producer's and engineer's functions. Indeed, our relationship with Ansermet largely owed its happy and fruitful nature to the complete confidence each felt in the other's skill and expert knowledge.

Ansermet exercised absolute authority over his orchestra, and the players respect—no doubt reinforced by the knowledge that he had the power to fire anyone on the spot—expressed itself in a degree of discipline rarely found in the recording studio. Whenever we listened to playbacks during or after a session, as many of the players as could be accommodated would join us and offer valued suggestions, and Ansermet's own overriding loyalty to the orchestra he had created showed itself when he rejected the possibility of replacing Charles Munch in Boston after his disabling heart attack in 1953.

Ernest Ansermet—"quickly grasped the enormous musical potential of the new medium. . . ."

It was characteristic of Ansermet's musical approach that, when we began to use tape for our master recordings, he welcomed the opportunity this gave him to extend the length of his "takes" to nine or ten minutes. At the same time, his feeling for musical pace was incredibly precise—when he recorded Ravel's *Boléro,* the discrepancy between different takes never exceeded two seconds—and this greatly facilitated any splicing that had to be done.

When we began to make stereo recordings in 1953—in a separate, experimental control room, while mono recordings were made, as before, in the main control center—Ansermet would listen to the experimental tapes and provide much valuable criticism, though he tended to be disturbed initially by the fact that the orchestral balance differed markedly from that which he experienced on the rostrum. Yet, unlike some of his colleagues, he quickly grasped the enormous musical potential of the new medium, and, by the time stereo discs were launched in 1958, Ansermet had already provided us with a sizable stereo repertoire.

Although his early Decca recordings established his international reputation as a specialist conductor of early Stravinsky and the French impressionists, this was not entirely due to Ansermet's own predilictions but also to the fact that our own advances in recording techniques were shown to best advantage when applied to the more colorful music of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Indeed, Ansermet resented the widely held notion that his musical sympathies were narrow in range, and in later years he insisted that we give him the opportunity to prove his mettle in a much wider repertoire—Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms, and even some Wagner and Sibelius.

Among his fellow practitioners he admired Toscanini most unreservedly: Few things gave him so much pleasure in his career as the invitation to conduct the NBC Symphony and the opportunity his New York visits gave him of attending the Maestro's own rehearsals. I also recall the unusual sight of Ansermet on

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: "Der Floh," "Der Kuss." Haydn: "Lob der Faulheit." Rossini: *La Regata veneziana*, "Duetto buffo di due gatti." Brahms: "We kumm ich dann de Pooz erenn," "Och, Moder, ich well en Ding han," "Vergebliches Ständchen." Reger: "Der Brief," "Waldeinsamkeit." Strauss: "Schlechtes Wetter," "Ach, weh mir unglückhaftem Mann." Wolf: "Zur Warnung," "Auftrag," "Bei einer Trauung," "Selbstgeständnis," "Abschied." Christa Ludwig, mezzo soprano; Walter Berry, bass; and Gerald Moore, piano. Seraphim stereo, S 60087, $2.49.	If the Berrys do not fulfill the promise of "a most unusual song recital" proclaimed on the jacket of this issue, they have strayed so far from the well trodden path that among a dozen and a half items, only the "Vergebliches Ständchen" and "Schlechtes Wetter" can be described as familiar. Berry does manfully with Beethoven's version of "The Flea" as Ludwig does, womanfully, with "Och, Moder, ich well en Ding han," but the need to fill the prescribed format of "humor and satire" leads her into an unwise venture with Rossini's *La Regata veneziana* (too high and in the wrong language). Perhaps they should collaborate more: the paired version of Rossini's "Cat" duet (with German-tinged meiows) is easily the most amusing track on the disc. Moore, who has proven his skills as a cat-accompanier in the version recorded at his London farewell, is in fine feline spirits throughout.
Busoni: Nine Variations on a Chopin Prelude; Fantasy on Bizet's *Carmen*; *Turandot's Boudoir*. Liszt: Reminiscences of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*; Reminiscences of Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*. John Ogdon, piano, Seraphim stereo, S 60088, $2.49.	Ogdon is one of those rare researchers of the forgotten files of pianism whose criteria for sponsorship go beyond mere novelty. Indeed, the best of this collection, musically, is probably the long unheard variations on the C-minor Prelude, in which Busoni works over the underpinning of Chopin's structure in the manner of Schumann's *Etudes symphoniques*. The results are well worth hearing, in terms of what the work contains as well as what Ogdon makes out of it. In the *Carmen* Fantasy, one detects a glimpse of what may have impelled Horowitz to indulge his own virtuosic fantasy. It is not as absorbing as the Chopin, but superbly performed. In the two lengthy embellishments by Liszt of Mozart and Verdi materials, Ogdon puts himself in the exclusive category of pianists who know the repertory of more than their own instrument by organizing the melodic ideas and Liszt's elaboration of them in a way few Mozartian singers or conductors of the day could excel. A most musical man, Ogdon, and possessed of the control to smite the keyboard bass and treble, or barely raise the dust with a feathery light glint of octaves. A great treat for all but Ogdon's competitors. The disc also includes the section of Busoni's *Turandot* music based on "Greensleeves."
Puccini: *La Bohème*. Beniamino Gigli, Licia Albanese, Tatiana Menotti, Afro Poli, Aristide Baracchi, and Duilio Baronti; with Umberto Berrettoni conducting. Seraphim mono, IB 6038, $4.98.	Though the "aural expanse" of the background once admired in this recording of 1938 has shrunk substantially (by measure of what is considered appropriate today), its vocal charms still cast their long familiar spell. That is no less so in the abundant appeal of the very young Albanese (just on the verge of her Metropolitan successes) than in the still melting sound of the no longer young Gigli, then on the verge of his silver anniversary as a tenor with top C intact. All the associated performers are of appropriate quality, including the infrequently recorded Tatiana Menotti as Musetta. The consequence is a performance of warmth and freshness, with a real ensemble feeling developed by Berrettoni despite the star names.
Scriabin: Sonata No. 3 (F-sharp minor). Prokofiev: Sonata No. 7 (B flat). Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia stereo, MS 7173, $5.98.	The ever-widening range of Gould's interests, and his curiosity in the special characteristics of such Ss as Schoenberg, Strauss, and Scriabin, are among his most endearing traits. Combined with his mental insights and artistic impulses, they produce a pairing here that may induce some Scriabin enthusiasts who have not hitherto interested themselves in Prokofiev at least to investigate his claims on their attentions. These might become suspect if they reach the point in Gould's over-wordy exposition on the back side of the jacket in which he refers to its "second movement with its rather cloying main theme." This is hardly a helpful or convincing attitude on the part of a performer, whether toward a work or its listener.
Webern: Lieder (Op. 14). Liliana Poli, soprano; with ensemble directed by Gilbert Amy. Pieces (Op. 10) and Concerto (Op. 24). Amy: *Diaphones*; Invention I; *Interlude pour Harpe*; Invention II. Conducted by Amy. Everest stereo, SBDR 3232, $4.98.	As a player in this game of identities, Amy has better cards to deal in the works of Webern than he has in his own. (The "identities" refer to the description of the performers herein marshaled as the "Pierre Boulez Domaine Musical Ensemble," as if this makes it better than it would be otherwise, or that it plays just as well with Amy as it does with Boulez.) The voice of Poli is a little wavery and thin for "Wiese im Park," "Die Einsame," "In der Fremde," and "Ein Winterabend," but she is an intelligent singer and knows what she is doing. Amy seeks out skillfully, and coordinates well, the essential elements of Opus 10 and Opus 24, which are reproduced with a good sense of their special character. In his own works, though they are kept within the perimeter of the Webern timetable (the longest is 7:42), Amy shows himself considerably less discriminating than his progenitor in selecting vibratory elements to work with. The difference, really, is that in Webern's most characteristic works one has the impression that the elements selected him, rather than vice versa; whereas with Amy, there is no possible doubt that what one hears has been worked over painstakingly and, in the end, not altogether productively.
Wolf: Quartet in D minor. La Salle Quartet. DGG stereo, 139 376, $5.79.	Begun in Wolf's nineteenth year and finished when he was twenty-three, the score of this work vanished when it was turned down for performance by the Rosé Quartet (the reasons are all too clear) and published from the parts in 1903. It is performed here in a new edition recently published by the International Hugo Wolf Society from the rediscovered manuscript. At this distance, it has the interest that attached to any composer capable of Wolf's great songs. The propagandistic notes signed by Wolf Rosenberg make every effort to persuade the prospective listener that the work is better than it is, while denying ("it is scarcely possible to accept the theory that Beethoven's last quarters served as a model for Wolf") what is obvious to anyone who can make the association (perhaps Rosenberg cannot). By far the most interesting aspect of the work is the presence, in the finale, of the germinal ideas for the delightful Italian Serenade for quartet which Wolf completed four or five years after this primitive effort. Rosenberg does not mention that at all, or even that such a work as the Serenade exists. The issue is also bereft of any information whatsoever about the La Salle Quartet, whose members (Walter Levin and Henry Meyer, violins; Peter Kamnitzer, viola; and Jack Kirstein, violoncello) perform their task well. The playing is admirably reproduced. —I.K.

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Mahler

Continued from page 49

list of women he had loved was already long. At sixteen he had fallen in love with a young girl he met while spending the summer with his friend Emil Freund; at nineteen he was passionately attracted to Josephine Poisl, the Iglau postmaster's daughter, and dedicated three songs to her.

Later in Cassel, he loved the singer Johanna Richter and dedicated the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* to her. In Prague, he was attracted by yet another singer, Betti Frank, the first person to perform a work of his in public; their relationship caused a great deal of gossip. In Leipzig, he had planned to elope with Marion-Mathilde von Weber, a married woman with three children—a complicated and much-talked-of liaison. (The memoirs of the English composer Ethel Smyth give us all the details.) A few years later, his affair with the young singer Anna von Mildenburg was the talk of Hamburg and nearly compromised Mahler's whole career. In Vienna his love life was more discreet, for he had learned caution the hard way. But this does not mean that he became less attracted to women. He fell in love with one opera singer after the other: Rita Michalck, then probably Marie Gutheil-Schoder, and finally Selma Kurz. Certainly Mahler's love life was largely cerebral, and some of these liaisons may have been platonic. It is no less certain that others were not. In particular, the many letters that he sent to Mildenburg leave no doubt upon this point. He was certainly not an ascetic, nor was he an ethereal being. At the time of his marriage, he undoubtedly worried over the difference in age between him and his wife, but he was not usually "afraid of women." He loved and desired Alma, and they agreed to consummate their union before the marriage. The young woman's diary is most explicit on this subject: a few days after their first, somewhat unsuccessful attempt, a second try brought the couple "perfect happiness" ("*Wonne über Wonne*," Alma wrote on January 4, 1902). The young woman soon became pregnant, and their first child was born less than eight months after the wedding.

It is true that, absorbed by his own music and by his work at the opera, Mahler devoted less time to his wife than she expected. His selfishness consisted of allowing himself to be entirely monopolized by his professional activities. But was not Alma also entirely taken up with herself—jealous, flirtatious, exacting, frivolous, changeable? Was she not sometimes as lenient toward herself as she was hard toward others? It is painful to read in *Mein Leben*: "If only

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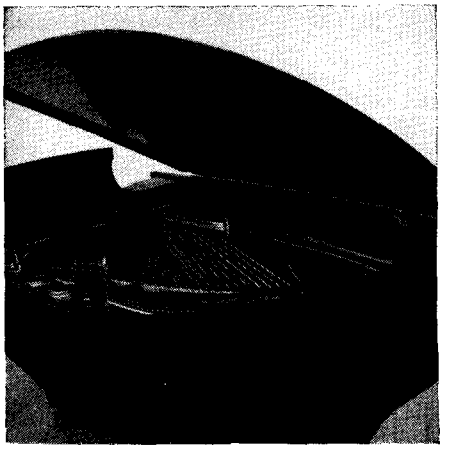

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he would never come home . . ." (1903); and in her diary: "Sometimes I honestly believe I am not in love with him, he irritates me so: his smell, the way he speaks, and sometimes even the way he sings. . . . He seems a stranger to me, his tastes are the opposite of mine. . . ."

In the light of Alma's diary, her unpublished manuscript, and the recently discovered letters from Mahler, it is easier to understand the terrible crisis that took place in the summer of 1910. Every year Mahler sent his wife on a cure for her nerves. Far from being indifferent, he never ceased to inquire after her physical and moral health while she was away. When he sensed that she was unhappy and tormented, he did not hesitate to leave his work and join her, as he did in Tobelbad in 1910. At that time she had just met the architect Walter Gropius, whose youth, good looks, and violent passion impressed her deeply. After they parted, and Alma had returned to her husband, the two young people carried on a correspondence without Mahler's knowledge. Walter Gropius himself confirmed this to me and also confirmed the strange story Alma tells in her book: Without realizing what he was doing, he mistakenly addressed to Mahler the letter begging Alma to elope with him. Alma was shaken by the terrible drama which she had thus involuntarily caused. But she was also unquestionably pleased at having suddenly become the center of her husband's attention, for he shook with retrospective fear at the idea that he had nearly lost her forever. For a long time he had hesitated before deciding to marry such a young and beautiful girl. Now he was paying the price of his mistake, and Alma even more than he! What anguish and distress he now experienced! What self-reproach! He had neglected his wife; he had not lived enough for her (*"Ich habe Papier gelebt,"* he groaned as he was dying), and now it was too late—she no longer loved him and had told him so!

During the last months of his life, Mahler's passionate love for Alma bordered on delirium. He wanted to be with her day and night, when she was asleep he wrote her short notes which he left on her bedside table. He felt guilty for not fulfilling his marital duties. He consulted a Viennese neurologist, who advised him to discuss his case with Sigmund Freud. Chatting in the streets of Leyden with the father of psychoanalysis, Mahler told him the story of his life and the drama he was at present living. Freud later believed that he had managed to calm him, but since he never saw him again he could not confirm the effect of this short meeting. However, everything points to the fact that when her demanding, domineering, and "egotistical" husband suddenly turned into the most devoted, passionate, and submissive of men, Alma was no more satisfied than before, since she needed combat rather than victory. At least, this is the impression one gets after reading between the lines of her memoirs.

THE picture of Mahler, disarmed, weak, belatedly and desperately lovesick, is strangely tragic. Did this crisis hasten his death? By revealing to him, in the course of one afternoon, the cause and the gravity of his problems without providing a solution, did Freud not make matters worse? Whatever the answer, the fact that the Tenth Symphony remained unfinished was not a consequence of Mahler's ill-health, as so many authors have too hastily stated. No one can be absolutely sure whether there is a related cause and effect between the setting aside of these sketches, the 1910 crisis, and Mahler's death a few months later.

One day I discussed this drama with the composer's daughter. (She herself has no memories of this time, for she was only seven.) I remarked how pathetic I found this last glimpse of the great man, so completely enslaved. I will never forget her reply: "If he came back to earth, who knows whether it would not be just those last few months he would choose to live again?"

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Ansermet

Continued from page 55

his feet and cheering at the end of a Geneva concert by the Leningrad Philharmonic under Mravinsky—an orchestra which he rated one of the finest in his experience.

MY own relations with Ansermet, extending back almost a quarter of a century, were always exceedingly harmonious, and the dinner parties at a famous Geneva restaurant that usually followed the completion of a series of recording sessions were the happiest of occasions when we would discuss past and future work till far into the night. In later years, when pressure of administrative duties made it no longer possible for me to sit in on all the sessions, I would still fly to Geneva just to "show my face," because I knew that Ansermet would be upset if I did not put in an appearance. During all the years of our acquaintance, Ansermet scarcely changed at all; when he came to London a few months ago—to record *The Firebird* with the New Philharmonia at Kingsway Hall —his eyes were still the bluest and most piercing I have ever encountered.

Notwithstanding his desire to be regarded as a general practitioner rather than as a specialist, I am sure that Ansermet will be remembered chiefly for his recordings of subtly colorful music of the Russian, French, and Spanish schools, for he was above all a musician of fastidious taste whose exceptionally developed sense of sonic structure made him the ideal collaborator at a time of unprecedented development in the art of recording. The new recording of the complete *Firebird* already mentioned was the last he made, and it brought Ansermet back full circle to Kingsway Hall where it had all begun with *Petrouchka* twenty-two years earlier.

Perhaps I may end by citing one further facet of Ansermet's concern for the product he was helping to make. When takes are played back in the control room, the volume level customarily employed far exceeds that normally considered acceptable in the home. This is essential when one is trying to detect flaws of ensemble or intonation, extraneous noises, and other, similar imperfections. But this was not the whole story for Ansermet, who usually insisted on a second playback at normal, domestic level, so that he might gauge the need for further adjustments of balance and dynamics and thereby produce a disc that would sound well in the average living room. Ansermet understood the recording process better than most musicians, and we at Decca are proud of our long and fruitful association with this great artist.

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Likable "Lakmé" from London

IT WAS in 1883 that the Metropolitan Opera opened its doors with Gounod's *Faust;* it was also the year of Brahms's Third Symphony and the period of Verdi's work on *Otello.* It was the year preceding the premiere of Massenet's *Manon,* the year after the first production of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth. It was also the year of Léo Delibes's *Lakmé.* Today, eighty-six years later, all but the latter endure to the extent that hardly a season passes without performances of each of them—while *Lakmé* sits languishing on the sidelines (except in Paris at the Opéra-Comique), waiting for the emergence of a soprano with that rare blend of flawless coloratura technique, personal magnetism, physical beauty.

Since its premiere at the Comique on April 14, 1883, with the American soprano Marie van Zandt in the title role, few ladies have succeeded in changing the opera public's verdict—and this includes Patti, Sembrich, Tetrazzini, Barrientos, and Galli-Curci. Not until the 1932 Metropolitan revival with Lily Pons did the opera curry much favor, and it hasn't been sung there since 1947, when Miss Pons last sang it.

In the Sixties, the presence of Joan Sutherland and her husband-collaborator-conductor, Richard Bonynge—who won't be content until they've stirred up all the stilled waters of past centuries—have undertaken to resurrect the charmingly old-fashioned, if frail, *Lakmé* through some live performances and a new London (stereo, OSA 1391) recording, the first complete stereo version of the opera. To lend some authenticity *à la francaise,* they have recorded it in the land of de Gaulle with the Orchestra and Chorus of the Monte Carlo Opera, as well as French stalwarts Alain Vanzo, Jane Berbié, and Gabriel Bacquier.

Miss Sutherland's formidable vocal equipment is several shades more dramatic than the voice usually associated with the young Indian priestess, thereby creating little illusion of the fragile girl who sacrifices herself in love. One can admire the lovely quality of her long, spun-out phrases and the ease of her legato (so crucial in *Lakmé*), only to be dismayed by the lack of true allure in her treatment or the countless times she vocalizes on "Ah" as opposed to projecting the text, no matter how faded, and even silly, it can seem today. As for the justly famous "Bell Song"—that sparkling jewel in this tarnished diadem—Miss Sutherland now elects to sing it down a half-tone, robbing this showpiece of some of its glittering brilliance, beyond which she takes some of these top tones gingerly.

Alain Vanzo (as Gerald, the British officer) is a French lyric tenor of estimable quality, able to spin one beautiful phrase after another with musicality and freshness of tone. His is a model of French style, in that the singing tone comes directly out of the words themselves. The authoritative Gabriel Bacquier brings his accustomed artistry, intensity, and forceful singing to the role of Lakmé's father, the vengeful Brahmin priest Nilakantha, capped by a truly stirring delivery of "Lakmé, ton doux regard." Mezzo Berbié, as Mallika, offers strong support in the first act jasmine duet with Lakmé; while the English contralto, Monica Sinclair, creates a rich caricature of the English governess, Miss Bentson. Emil Belcourt (Hadji), Gwenyth Annear (Ellen), Claud Calès (Frederick), and Josephte Clément (Rose) all contribute positively to the performance, particularly Calès, who has much to offer with his typically heady, high French baritone sound.

As for the opera itself, it would seem to be the ideal excerpt work, for Delibes concocted a half-dozen good melodies that offer fine moments to their interpreters: the "Bell Song," of course, Gerald's "Fantaisie aux divins mensonges," the second-act duet of Lakmé and Gerald ("Dans la forêt"), Nilakantha's big aria, the Lakmé-Mallika "Sous le dôme épais," and the wistful final scene beginning with Lakmé's "Berceuse." Stretching it into three full acts are the academic choruses with "exotic" colorings, scenes for the Englishmen that are straight out of Delibes's earlier operettas, and ballet music that doesn't begin to reach the mark set by *Coppélia* or *Sylvia.* The libretto is singularly undramatic, despite a story of revenge and death by poison.

For those content with the musical highpoints, these were very well served on an Angel album (36107) with a radiant-voiced Gianna d'Angelo and Nicolai Gedda as the ill-fated lovers, conducted by Georges Prêtre. On this new full-length version, Bonynge leads a sensitive performance, giving every consideration to his singers. London has made a vivid and imaginative use of stereo effects in the off-stage voice scenes and in the colorful market scene.

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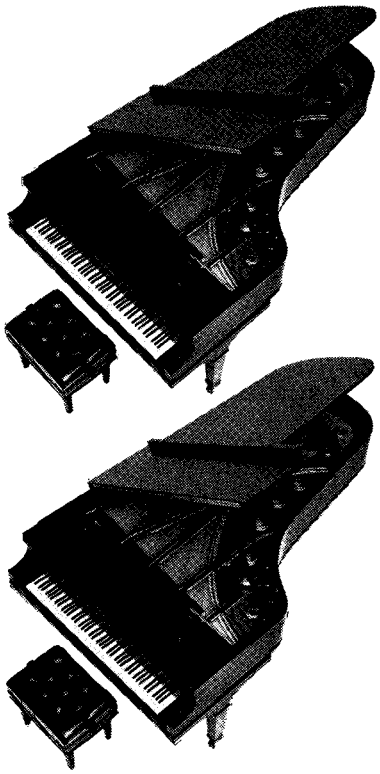

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Pro Sibelius

As a musician who knows and appreciates the music of Sibelius, I would like to ask why it was necessary to print yet another perfunctory résumé of his career and works in which an appalling lack of empathy and perceptiveness is scarcely concealed by the embarrassed tolerance of the pseudo-sophisticate? I am referring, of course, to the article "Sibelius in Perspective" [*SR*, Feb. 22].

Mr. Lawrence . . . doesn't even bother to resolve the question raised by the opening sentence: the paradox of Sibelius's decline in the concert hall intersecting his renaissance on records. I would like to suggest an answer. People buy recordings of music they like. But the choice of concert music, being a professional one, is more likely to be dictated by coterie considerations; and when one buys a ticket to the symphony, the absence of a Sibelius work on that particular program is not going to influence one's purchase substantially.

Rudy Shackelford,
University of Illinois,
Champaign, Ill.

Concerning Lavender

In reference to Richard Gehman's article [*SR*, Feb. 8], "Big Little Band in Toronto," I would appreciate some information about Kissman Lavender. Although I have been a stride piano enthusiast for years, I have never heard of this man. Any information you could give me would be greatly appreciated.

Marianne Bixby,
Westfield, N.Y.

Editor's note: *According to the author, Lavender was a musician's musician, out of Memphis, who played with many name performers but recorded very little.*

A Rasta at Rest

The "very few pages allocated" to rock is a step in the right direction. The more heads you open to this great "now sound" the better, and the converts should be eternally grateful. They might even advance to the in-depth discussions of Crawdaddy and The Rolling Stones; and though I hold out little hope that many *SR* readers will make it that far, I feel I must offer a word of caution against such obvious put-ons as Maynard Calnek's assertion[letters to the recordings editor, Feb. 22] that "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" contains any reference whatever to a "Rastafarian cult." I am not an expert on Jamaica (however, I agree the song *is* West Indian oriented), but I can listen to the cut in all its present versions, as well as read the several printed lyrics, and nowhere do I hear or see the line, "Happy as a Rasta in the marketplace." Mr. Calnek must have privileged sources; I make the line "Happy *ever after* in the marketplace."

So please *SR*—be careful! Don't destroy the good you've done, rock-wise, by irresponsible non-research.

Mary E. Knight,
East Rochester, N.Y.

Editor's note: *To others who offered the same comment, thanks.*

The Beatles and Kahlil Gibran

As I was reading through the words to the songs on the new Beatles' album I ran across something that may be of interest to you. I was somewhat surprised to find that the song "Julia" in parts has been taken almost word for word from *Sand and Foam* by Kahlil Gibran.

> Half of what I say *is meaningless*
> But I say it just to reach you, Julia.
>
> Half of what I say is meaningless;
> but I say it so that the other half may
> reach you.
>
> When I cannot sing my heart
> I can only speak my mind, Julia.
>
> When Life does not find a singer to
> sing her heart she produces a philosopher to speak her mind.

In fact, the whole song suggests the title of the book. For example, "Seashell eyes, windy smile," or "oceanchild."

Perhaps I am the last to notice, maybe not. In any case, I think they should have given Gibran some credit. After all, he did come first.

Ellen George Katzenstein,
Lexington, Mass.

Editor's note: *Proof, anyway, that Beatles can read.*

The Mood is the Medium

Come off it, you guys. Meaningful dialogue is great, but hysterical name-calling and re-re-recriminations on the same subject for months on end is a bit too much. I am referring, of course, to the big hash over whether *SR* should expand (some say lower) itself to include reviews of pop music, especially rock.

Let's chuck all over-emotionalized metaphors about garbage cans, cloacae of amplification and animalism, etc., etc. There are a lot of people (me, for instance) who like both classical *and* pop, and which form we prefer at a given moment depends on the mood we're in.

I like The Beatles and Beethoven, Jimi Hendrix and Josef Haydn, Dvorák and The Doors, *Super Session* and *Schéhérazade*—and I'll read with pleasure whatever *SR* may have to say about any of them.

Lee Agnew,
Oklahoma State University,
Stillwater, Okla.

Thesis and Metathesis

It is indeed untoward that a minuscule contingent of reactionary malcontents refuses to reconcile itself gracefully to the inevitability of cultural metathesis: the vi-

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tality of youth replaces the effeteness of age. Furthermore, it is indeed unfortunate that a youthful voice must willy-nilly assume the guise of bloated bombast in order to unmask the humbuggery of such as Mr. Julius B. Kaiser. [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Feb. 22.] Thankfully, the Osrics are easily exposed by the Hamlets.

Those who appreciate our heritage, musical or otherwise, by their response have overwhelmingly voiced their approval of the inception and continuation of Miss Sander's column. Hopefully, *SR* will increase its sensitivity to and coverage of the contemporary cultural scene.

When rock music has received the endorsement (in print) of men like Leonard Bernstein, Richard Poirier, and Kurt von Meier; when publications with the stature of the *New Yorker*, *SR*, and *Esquire* have established regular columns devoted to reviewing rock music; when classically trained musicians such as Peter Winkler, Joshua Rifkin, and Joseph Byrd (among others) have turned from classical music to rock, the futile croakings of the detractors of rock 'n' roll are easily discredited.

JAN P. DENNIS,
Bloomington, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Kaiser's Cause also has its defendants (see below).*

Quality and Approval

IN VIEW OF the numerous brick-bats directed his way, may I second Julius B. Kaiser's description of modern pop music as "garbage"? How anyone can take seriously The Rolling Stones, the Cream, etc.,—let alone waste the pages of *SR* discussing them—is beyond my ken.

Obviously, we live in an age when the four-letter word is considered poetic, the bad drawing and cliché dialogue of the comic strip is considered to be art, etc., so it is only logical that the grunts, groans, shrieks, and primitive lyrics ("I wanna spend the night with you") of the mod groups hold sway. But that does nothing to raise their status above garbage. Approval has nothing to do with quality.

As for those who quote Mr. Bernstein's and Mr. Fiedler's (among others) approval of the Beatles, the obvious answer is that most artists have always proved to be almost as bad critics as the critics themselves. Or are our artists, for some reason, more perceptive than those of the past?

H. FRANCIS,
London, Ontario, Canada.

Let There Be Rock

ONE WOULD have thought that Mr. Kaiser would have been content to have registered his original rather extreme complaint, but alas, he is back in the LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR column blindly blazing away at rock.

"Those who appreciate our heritage, musical or otherwise" cannot avoid recognizing that rock, rhythm and blues, country and western, etc., *is* the music of our American heritage. Amplification, seemingly dissonant microphones, and "animalism" are the nuances of this art form. Mr. Kaiser's contention that the majority of rock is a "cloaca of . . . amorality" is an absurd generalization. Many serious rock songs deal with peace, love, and the abolition of bigotry. I recommend that Mr. Kaiser familiarize himself with his subject matter before criticizing it.

JAMES REEDY,
Stamford, Conn.

Rock Is Music

I AM A JUNIOR in high school and have recently developed an interest in your magazine. I have read with interest your articles on "pop" music, and I hope you continue to exhibit this policy of openmindedness toward all music. It should be remembered that classical music was once unfamiliar and unacceptable. Thank you.

JOHN ELDRIDGE, JR.,
Westfield, N.J.

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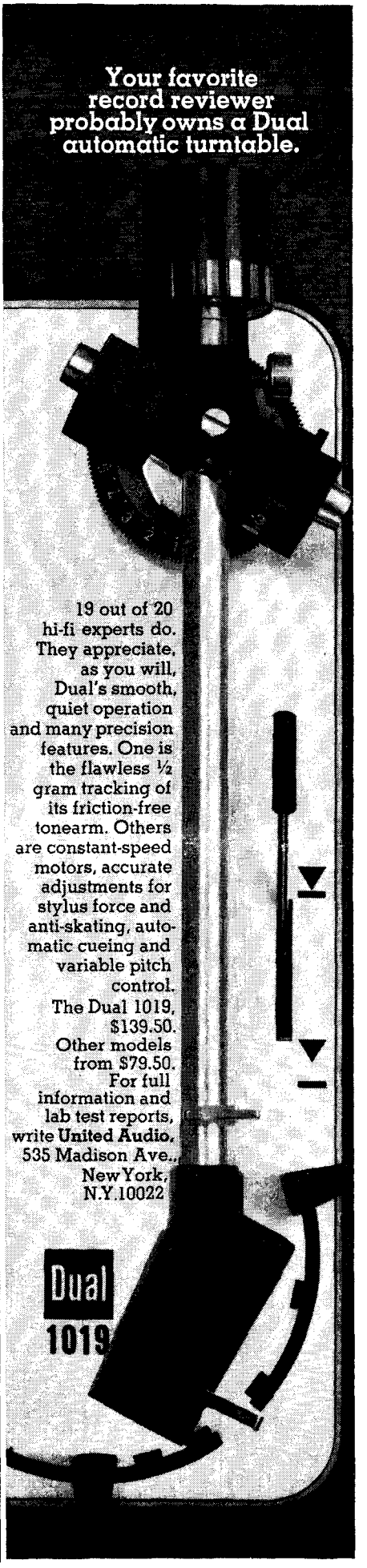
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Travel

Continued from page 45

er when a teen-age American girl in granny glasses and smoking a cigarette rushed up, put out her hand to shake mine, and said breathlessly: "Hello, I'm Heather Randolph, can you help me, I'm in desperate trouble?" We asked her what we could do and she said, "Just pretend we're old friends," and then slung her arms around me and the woman, and we continued down the street. Suddenly the girl handed me her cigarette, told us to wait, and dashed into a bar. Moments later she emerged with a girl friend. "I have to hurry," she said, a hounded-rabbit look in her eyes. "My parents are due in four hours, and I don't dare miss them." Then they darted off.

We three retired to Betty's, a tiny flamenco bar, wondering if we'd see her again. Betty Pope, the owner, a dark-visaged English woman, survived fifty bull fights, two gorings, and had known Hemingway, all of which she proved by producing a thick scrapbook from the back room. Betty's, like most of the bars squeezed into downtown Torremolinos, is scarcely bigger than a phone booth, but she claims she can cram in forty patrons to watch the flamenco mastery of Antonio, a sixty-nine-year-old dancer, accompanied by Pepe Haro, a gypsy guitarist.

Darryl La Plante, Betty's lean, swarthy bartender, looked like a *torero* himself, but as we spoke and got closer to home, it turned out he was a native of Red Lake Falls, Minnesota, and a college classmate of mine. "I came here for a month in 1967 and couldn't bring myself to leave," he said. "I had a job as the manager of a restaurant for a while, and then they gave me a month's vacation. I knew right away a month off on the Costa del Sol would do me in, so I asked Betty for a job, and I stayed on."

Next morning, true to form, I was walking along the main street of Torremolinos in the rain when the girl with granny glasses approached. "I want to thank you for everything you did last night," she said, putting out her hand in copied European manner. "I don't know what I did," I said, "but I hope everything's cool." She said it was and then I asked her, by the way, if she'd been influenced the night before by LSD or anything narcotic. "Oh, heavens no," she said, "I wouldn't be that foolish."

"Then what was the matter?"

"Well," she began, launching into the hippie litany, "I was in this bar and all of a sudden I got very paranoid, I thought everybody was looking at me. . . ."

I knew the rest, so we shook hands again, and I walked back to the hotel in the rain. —D. B.

UFOs

Continued from page 17

infancy today, and not in its maturity; noting that our existing knowledge of such important fundamentals as time, space, gravity, matter and anti-matter and their relationships is probably only a tiny fraction of what will be understood at so remote a time in the future. When one implies the permanent invariability of the relationships of such physical quantities as time, space, and gravity, as Markowitz has done, he seems to forget that only sixty years ago mass and energy were also on that list. It can only be stated that things can probably be done in the future that are more unforeseeable than television from the moon would have been to Aristarchus of Samos, a nuclear submarine to Isaac Newton, or even interstellar travel to Edward Condon.

Condon complains that the science fiction writers set aside the laws of physics in order to account for the stories they relate. This is exactly why the writers of fiction have so much better records at predicting the future than the scientists have. They have seized on a much better principle for the long term than the laws of physics, and that is the purposes of mankind. When one considers that one of man's most persistent objectives has been to travel farther and faster, one comes to believe that the writers of fiction have the correct assumption, and that the next 50,000 years will at least accomplish for long-distance travel what the past 140 years have done for long-distance communication.

The probability of space visitors to our own planet must be put low, but not at zero. We are a single grain of sand on a large beach, and it could well be that the first evidence of our existence capable of attracting the attention of galactic outsiders would be our radio signals. These have been going out in any strength for less than fifty years, so they have probably not yet even reached the nearest intelligent beings. So, perhaps the best argument against the reality of visitors from outer space is that we are too young to have been noticed yet.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 c E, 2 j G, 3 a J, 4 i F, 5 k C, 6 l I, 7 h K, 8 g L, 9 d A, 10 b H, 11 e B, 12 f D.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 45: deters, desert, rested.

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JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ITC, Section 2, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

CAMPS-SPORTS-TEACHERS for Maine camps. Box 214, Brookline, Massachusetts 02167.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years the Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COUNSELORS top Maine boys' camp, 20+, single, beautiful surroundings, excellent salaries: Group Leaders (2), Tennis, Swimming (WSI), Judo, Karate, Archery, Tripping. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC 10025.

SUMMER RESORT EMPLOYMENT DIRECTORY—Lists thousands of certified high-paying jobs nationwide. Descriptions, contact names, addresses, application furnished. $2.00 postpaid. CORION Publishers, Box 15676, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You! Good jobs. Adventure. Forms and Australian Handbook (1969) describing Australian assisted passage, passport-visa, advantages, opportunities. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032CV, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

COLLEGE STUDENT—counselor, four 6 year boys, 3:00-5:30 p.m. $3 hour. Some experience. NYC. Box M-172.

PUBLIC LIBRARIAN, historic community, 60 miles Washington, D.C. Send resume to J. Kunstman, Old Charles Town Library, Charles Town, W. Va. 25414.

WHY SHOULDN'T a creative person get an easy job? Bachelor with large Fifth Avenue, New York City, penthouse apartment has an interesting job for the right person. Since household chores are few, it would be a waste to employ a domestic type. Therefore, if you are interested in painting, writing, theatre or dance, there will be enough time to pursue your major interest while attending to minor duties such as occasional cooking and serving, light housecleaning, and, if you can drive, an occasional errand. Good salary will be provided to the right person. Please write in detail as to why this opportunity would be of interest to you. Box M-184.

EMBRYONIC, liberal/community service volunteer newspaper, San Gabriel Valley, California, seeks editor. 213-EL 8-3812, 213-HI 5-3879.

HOUSEPARENTS needed for summer youth hostels in northeast United States. Couples only. Free living quarters, utilities, plus small compensation at some locations. Box M-178.

COLLEGE GIRL or young person who really likes young children (3 boys aged 8, 6, and 4) to live with family in Bridgehampton, L.I. from mid-June till Labor Day. Must drive. Salary open. Call 212-TE 1-8331 9-10 p.m. or write Mrs. Emmerich, 1 East 87th Street, New York 10028.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VIRGINIA—Ivy cottage, tree setting overlooking brook, 2 acres near University of Virginia: 8 rooms, 2½ baths, price $39,500.

NORMAN ONE LEVEL on 5 acres contiguous University—8 rooms, 2 baths, expansion studio space in gables. Trees and pond. $68,500. Stevens & Company, Realtors, Ivy Road, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903. Phone 703-296-6104.

PRINCETON, N.J. AREA—Waterfront contemporary, large studio with balcony. Near NYC and Philadelphia commute. Mid-fifties. 609-799-1418.

LOG CABINS, HOUSES from Lincoln country. Every piece genuine. Easy reassembly, cost reasonable. Box M-145.

PUTNAM COUNTY, N.Y. Swiss-American home. Foyer, 30' living-dining, fireplace, 2 bedrooms, study, 2 baths. 2 ground level rooms. 2 car. 20 mile view. Alpine path; chapel. Lake rights. $39,500. 914-628-6082.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Chevy Chase—Classic contemporary redwood, brick, glass. Best schools. 70s. Evenings: 202-966-2752.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT—Large living room, fireplace, dining area, 2½ bedrooms, bath, modern kitchen, basement garage. Acre, high hill woodland. Garden, terrace, view. Excellent TV reception. Fine commuting. $40,000. Owner, SR Box M-135.

For Rent—Furnished

CHARMING BERMUDA COTTAGE—2 bedrooms, luxury accommodations at reasonable price. Convenient to golf, beaches and city. Maid. L. P. Gutteridge, Bermuda.

EXQUISITE CHAMPLAIN LAKEFRONT ESTATE, water and land sports. Box M-17.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. SR Box L-212.

ENGLAND. Lovely country home near Oxford, Stratford. Mid-August mid-October. Maid available. Use 2 cars. $700 month. Box M-197.

OUR HOME available May and June to adults. Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, California. View, swimming pool, master suite, second bedroom with bath, study, powder room, etc. $3,000 for period. J. Sain, 315 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210.

ST. CROIX, Virgin Islands—Spanish villa, exquisite Caribbean view. 5 rooms, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 patios, resident maid, beach, marina, automobile. Two weeks or monthly rentals. 212-442-1827.

BAJA CALIFORNIA—guest house, tropical white sand beach, fishing, skindiving. Box M-177.

For Summer Rental

VERMONT FARMHOUSE in cool mountains. Swimming on premises. $125 week. Hall's, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

PAWLING, N.Y., Quaker Hill. Charming residence, 10 rooms, completely furnished, family antiques. Box L-899.

VERMONT—Compact vacation house. Electricity, outdoor plumbing. Brook, woods; near lakes. Box M-180.

NEAR SARATOGA, Adirondack lakes. Desirable renovated Colonial. Furnished. References. Box 561, Fonda, New York 12068.

MAINE. Island, 20 minutes Portland boat. 4 bedroom house. 10 weeks, $600. Write 2312 Lemoyne, Los Angeles, 90026.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, Charlotte, Vermont. Furnished cottage. Accommodates 7. Season $1,200. 301-654-4717.

DUTCHESS COUNTY, N.Y. June-September. 2 bedroom home, modern conveniences, air-conditioned Garden, privacy. Swimming nearby. Box M-202.

SHELBURNE, MASSACHUSETTS. Year-old contemporary chalet, ideal for family. Heart of 25 acre orchard. Magnificent view. Privacy. Fully equipped kitchen; dishwasher. Fireplace. 3 bedrooms. June 10th-September 10th. $1,500. 212-758-1726.

GUEST HOUSE—week, month, season. Lovely scenery. Available April 1st. Mrs. L. Ondrejka, Arlington, Vermont 05250. 802-375-2808.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Attractive West Tisbury home, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Short drive superb beaches. $575 July. 516-HU 7-8857, SR Box M-151.

MAINE PENINSULA. House and sailboat. Fully furnished. Sleeps 8-10. Swimming, tennis, golf. Frenchman's Bay. June 15th-September 15th for $1,600, or $700 per month, or $200 per week. J. Kennedy, 3395 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44109.

TRURO, CAPE COD. Comfortable Pamet River cottage. Furnished, fireplace, view. SR Box M-139.

(Continued on page 66)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 65)

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

CONTEMPORARY PENTHOUSE, 6 rooms, parklike section Greenwich Village. 2 bedrooms, large living room, dining room, modern kitchen, terrace. Complete. Piano. $1,000. August, September '69-'70. SR Box L-855.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE

JUST FINISHED AND SOLD 15 Condominium Apartment Buildings. Am now planning another complex for a retirement and vacationing clientele in Education, Arts & Sciences. For more information, please send name and address of friends who might be interested. Herman H. Sohn, 1554 North 12th Court, Hollywood, Florida 33020.

APARTMENT WANTED

SR STAFFER'S frenzied need: 3 room rent controlled apartment, NYC, midtown, East side. Box M-201.

ROOM WANTED

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN seeks attractive room, private bath, simple kitchen privileges, weekends in Connecticut country home. References. Box M-199.

LAND FOR SALE

2-4 ACRE SITES in Plymouth Community North. Mountain scenery, brooks, forest, meadow land, private beach on Plymouth Pond. Off Rt 100 near prime ski areas. Several spectacular sites in P.C. West, 3-5 acres, same beach rights. Conservationist group. Farm and Wilderness Camps, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

PROPERTY FOR RENT

AVAILABLE: For summer conferences or seminars, complete facilities of arts-oriented boarding school in small scenic country community. For details write Wykeham Rise School, Washington, Connecticut 06793 or call 203-868-7347.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BROOKLIN, MAINE—Large saltwater farmhouse completely restored, central heat, combination windows, furnished, equipped, 60 wooded acres, summer guesthouse. SR Box L-218.

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

N.H. PRE-REVOLUTIONARY FARM. 72 acres. Spectacular view. Pool. $38,500. Box M-148.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOKLET. "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 328-W, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

CAMPS

DARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP. Grand Lake Stream, Maine 04637. 66 boys, 11 to 17. Five age groups. Seven weeks. (Six weeks Juniors.) Lake, white water, mountain trips. SURVIVAL, ECOLOGY training. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

GOLF AND/OR TENNIS—Chase Camps. Coed teenage. Pennsylvania and N.H. Exceptional facilities, professional staff. Box KS, Pride's Crossing, Massachusetts 01965.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Consider Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado. Ranch-travel-work program, boys 13-17. 23rd summer. Separate western travel program, girls 14-18. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

TEENAGERS LOVE CAMP SEA-FARI in the Florida Keys. Coed 13-18. Learn scuba diving, snorkeling, navigation, marine biology, archeology, undersea photography. Sailing, fishing, water skiing, dive for treasure, steer a ship. Supervised and taught by our professional staff. Cruise on Coast Guard approved windjammer to the Bahamas and the Gulf of Mexico. SHORE BASE: luxurious accommodations. Air-conditioned, fantastic food, private baths. Tennis, golf. Captain Bob Kruse. Director. Brochure. Dept. K, 3935 Blackstone Avenue, Riverdale Station, N.Y. 10471. Tel. 212-543-7900.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

ALPINE MUSICAMP—near Aspen, Colorado. Band, orchestra, choir. Hiking, riding, etc. Ages 9-16. June 22nd-August 3rd. Brochures: 2927 South Lafayette Drive, Englewood, Colorado 80110.

TENNIS RANCH—Don Kerbis Tennis Ranch. Boys and girls 8 to 18. Watervliet, Michigan. Five hours tennis instruction, supervised play daily. Beginner, intermediate, advanced players. Swimming, activities galore. Write for brochure: Don Kerbis Tennis Ranch, c/o Don Kerbis Tennis Club, 1660 Skokie Valley Road, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

HIGH/SCOPE—Coed, 11-16. Arts, science program providing freedom to grow in understanding and generosity, in friendships and responsibilities. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for girls over 15 includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

ALASKAN ADVENTURE—Coed youth over 14 years. Alaska Highway by station wagon, inland passage by boat, wilderness camping, great fishing, wildlife study, mountaineering, Montana ranch, national parks. 9 weeks, 12 campers, 22nd year. Professional adult staff. Dr. & Mrs. R. S. Stultz, EXPLORERS' CARAVAN, RD #1, Jamesville, N.Y. 13078.

MEXICO—Camp Del Solar—Picturesque, Colonial Taxco. Boys 12-16. Rewarding cultural experience for the well adjusted child who has outgrown the conventional camp. Combines a creative noncompetitive camp program with travel in a foreign country. Limited enrollment 24 boys. Conversational Spanish-music-art-sculpting-silversmithing-water skiing-sailing-sports. Professional staff. C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. Tel. 914-DE 7-5792.

HIKING CAMP—Boys, 10-14. Interested? Write: T. Bean, Randolph, N.H. 03593.

CAMPS

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

CAMP BIOTA—Six weeks exciting fun, knowledge. Limited enrollment. Boys 9-14. Natural science. Lake, cabins. Survival, creative crafts, canoeing, fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. A.C.A. Nashville 615-766-2494. Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

FUN AND ADVENTURE for boys 7-18 . . . Adirondack Woodcraft Camps. Six groups. Two lakes near Old Forge, Mountain, Adirondack, Canadian canoe trips. Sailing, forestry, natural sciences, riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature counselors. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS by former teacher. All expense summer trip for $500. Contact Allagash Trips, Gorham, Maine 04038.

BAHAMA SAILING CAMP, land-based at modern sailing/scuba diving resort in the "out islands." Scuba diving, sailing, snorkeling, water skiing, marine biology, speed boating, navigation, deep-sea fishing, dramatics, discotheque, tennis, adventure cruises on sailing schooners. Mature professional staff, expert instruction/supervision. Brochure. Teenage Boys/Girls. Walter A. Bush, Director, 480 West 246th Street, New York 10471. 212-548-1184

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acre Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding i desired ($65 extra). 20 horses. Swimming, guitar dulcimer, creative arts, sports, farming, construction Individualized programs from regular to pioneer, etc A.C.A. accredited. Under 65 camper limit. No poison ivy RN resident. $650, $375 half season. No tips. Wright Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547 4880.

HOLIDAY IN FRENCH, coed, 7-18, June-August, outdoc adventures, San Juan Islands of Puget Sound. Lyce Francais, 150 South Doheny Drive, Beverly Hills, Californi

ADVENTURE IN CREATIVITY is a summer residentia program for gifted students (aged 14 to 19) who ar interested in art, music, theatre, creative writing, fil making or dance. The emphasis is on the integration c these art forms. Students choose a major and a mino field for concentration and participate in joint seminar The program takes place at the CRANBROOK-KINGS WOOD Schools. For information write to Box F 520 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 4801

UAHC SWIG CAMP—Exciting, intensive Reform Jewis program for ages 9-college. For information: UAHC Sw Camp, Room 709, 703 Market, San Francisco, 9410

PERSONAL GROWTH WORKSHOP, Adirondack Mou tains, 7/13 to 8/1, coed, ages 15-18. $325. Box M-15

VACATIONS

A SEASHORE GOLF RESORT, ideal for family vacatio is lovely, subtropical, Hilton Head Island, on the Sou Carolina plantation coast. It is easily reached by highwa airway and waterway. Here the oceanfront, Sherato Adventure Inn, noted for luxurious accommodations, supe cuisine and gracious service, offers a perfect seash vacation. Golf on three championship courses and the In Par 3 Executive Course lighted for night play. Ocean a pool swimming. Miles of wide, clean, sun-kissed bea Cycling, tennis, boating, fishing and crabbing. Me feature local seafoods and famed plantation recip Planned evening entertainment. Supervised programs children. Write today for new color brochures about t Inn and Beach Villas, to Sheraton-Adventure Inn, E 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928. Reservations quic made through any Sheraton Hotel or Motor Inn.

LAKE MICHIGAN/UNHURRIED FAMILY VACATION acre wooded estate. Untamed sand beach. Childre program. Tennis, pools, bicycles. Barn theatre, concer film festival. Resident artist. Sleepy Hollow, North Sh Drive, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

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VACATIONS

ONLY A FEW know beautiful northwest Nebraska, land of towering buttes, cool, deep canyons and wide, wind-swept prairies. Peace and quiet, comfort and beauty for a few guests on a real ranch. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Box 191D, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone 308-665-1346.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-Q, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

OCEAN COTTAGES. Large, new, housekeeping. Fireplaces, electric heat. May-November. Thompson House Cottages, New Harbor, Maine 04554.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $7 to $12 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrich, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 617-398-2821.

BERMUDA—3 bedroom, 2 bath home, on the water, near Hamilton. Maid service available. Now through September. $250 weekly. Write Box 551, Hamilton, Bermuda.

VIRGIN ISLANDS SHANGRI-LA aboard Mystic Whaler! Sails seven, sunny Trade Winds days from St. Thomas. Magnificent new (1967) schooner is only 100-ton U.S. Coast Guard certified windjammer in Caribbean! 40 persons—showers, good food, all facilities. From $239. Brochure: Mystic Whaler, Mystic, Connecticut 06355.

JACKSON HOLE—Dude ranch. American Plan. Riding, fishing. Secluded! Flying V Ranch, Box 69, Kelly P.O., Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83011.

LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. 212-LE 2-7700.

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

PIER HOUSE MOTEL—Key West—Old town beach—congenial for the truly fastidious—beach, pool, color TV. 5 Duval Street. Reservations 305-CY 4-9541.

PARADOR MARTORELL—Family Inn by fabulous beach. 212-LE 2-7700, Box 435, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

FARM/RANCH VACATIONS—Families, children, adults. U.S./Canada. $1.95 Guidebook or FREE BROCHURE: Vacations, Box 11, 36 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VACATIONS

OLD SAN JUAN, Puerto Rico. El Leocar Apartments in restored Spanish Colonial mansion. Completely furnished. Elegant. OFF SEASON RATES April 15th. Box 2227, San Juan 00903. Tel. NYC, 212-244-8262.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Authentic Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport marine restoration. Double $10-$14. E. P. Write or phone.

STAY COOL AND CAREFREE by a clear blue lake at this family non-housekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Water skiing, canoe trips, fishing, entertainment, lobster bakes, sauna. Pets allowed. Write Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Private oceanfront home in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. Weekly rates. 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, fireplace, complete furnishings. Share use of 50' heated swimming pool, Uni-Turf tennis court, bicycles, sailboats, kayaks, fishing gear, with small property group. Daily maid service available. For full information, call or write exclusive owners' agent, Edwin Gaeta, Box O, Boston Post Road, Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776. 617-443-9922.

STACK 'EM INN. Luxurious chalets on 10 mile lake. All with kitchens, heat, fireplaces. Sandy beach, sailing, fishing, water skiing, saunas. Open year 'round. Recommended by Mobil Guide. Write Box S, Bridgton, Maine 04009.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

OGUNQUIT—Famous summer vacation center. Finest beach on coast. Majestic cliffs. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, restaurants, tea rooms. Reserve NOW for cottage rentals by the season. For information write Dept. 15, Information Bureau, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

FASCINATING ART COLONY nearby superb seaside resort less than two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

THE HERMITAGE—Secluded, small country inn, a connoisseur's delight. Folder. Wilmington 5, Vermont 05363.

CARIBBEAN ESCAPE! Estate Beth Cruz on Bethany Hill, Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands. All units housekeeping with daily cleanup maid service. Bar, dining room, pool, rental cars. Bugfree hideaway with spectacular panoramic view.

FAMILY FUN and relaxation. Home cooked meals or housekeeping. Chap's Lodge and Lamplight Inn, Lake Vermilion, Code S, Cook, Minnesota 55723.

SQUAWK OF PILEATED, gold of shooting star. Deer trail on mountain, egret on lake, horses on ridge. Decoupage drying, Mozart in the barn, dinner in the treetops. Coolfont Re+creation, Berkeley Springs, W. Va. 25411. From Washington, D.C., 1½ hours. Write for propaganda.

SAILING VACATIONS—Combine sailing fun, instruction and cruising on famous waters of Florida or Chesapeake Bay. Spend five days skippering a 24' sailboat, live aboard in privacy and cruise with a fleet with instructors on a lead boat. All this fun and instruction can be had for as little as $175 per couple. Write for brochure, Course 6-R. Florida or Chesapeake Bay. Annapolis Sailing School, Box 1669, Annapolis, Maryland 21404.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston. White sand beaches, warm water swimming, golf, exceptional boating facilities, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

STUDY SCULPTURE and vacation in Vermont. Renowned sculptor accepts limited number students. Lakefront accommodation arranged. Rocklin, 118 East 10th Street, NYC 10003. 212-GR 5-2788.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE offers American college students stimulating academic year program in HEIDELBERG (upperclassmen); and in castle near STUTTGART (underclassmen) September-June, $1,950; American credit system; quarter-length European Seminars in Berlin; two six-week SUMMER COURSES. Write Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany, or U. R. Laves, Director, U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. Phone 405-842-5979.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: Study aboard ship. Related in-port programs. Applications accepted now for fully-accredited Fall, Spring 1969-'70 semesters. Fall semesters visit Western Europe, Mediterranean, Northwest Africa, South America; Spring semesters visit the Orient, India and Africa. Write: World Campus Afloat, Dept. SR, Chapman College, Orange, California 92666.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD."

MOUNT HERMON ABROAD—Intensive language courses in France, Germany, Spain, U.S.S.R. open to secondary school students with two years of the language. Area studies without language prerequisites in Brazil, England, Greece, Italy, Japan. Highly qualified faculty. Travel and homestay with selected families. June-August. Co-educational. $1,200. Write Department E, Mount Hermon Summer Schools, Mount Hermon, Massachusetts 01354.

SUMMER SCHOOL IN MEXICO and South America. Accredited universities offer separate programs for high school and university students, and teachers. Inclusive fees from $195 to $620. Mibar Study Travel, 6264 Bay Ridge, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53217.

THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY of Jerusalem Summer Courses 1969. Courses given in English July 8th-July 29th, August 5th-August 26th. Introduction to the Archaeology of the Holy Land • The Archaeology of the Negev • The Archaeology of Jerusalem • The Dead Sea Scrolls • Religion • Introduction to Biblical Literature • Biblical Wisdom Literature • Modern Hebrew for Intermediate and Advanced Students • Special Course in Biblical Hebrew • Arabic • Seminar on the Middle East Today • The Contemporary Middle East • Israel's Political Institutions and Foreign Affairs • Israel's Society—Kibbutz and Moshav. History and Structure of Education in Israel • Israeli and Near Eastern Musicology • Arts of the Jews • Introduction to Yiddish Literature • An Introduction to Yiddish Language and Jewish Culture. Office of Academic Affairs/American Friends of the Hebrew University/11 East 69th Street/New York, N.Y. 10022/212-988-8400.

GUADALAJARA OFFERS SOMETHING for everyone! Six week summer study-travel program for adults and students: Intensive Spanish program; Remedial reading and composition programs: Children's program; Spanish teachers' workshop; Boarding with Mexican families; Trips around Mexico; Six day tour of Mexico City. Also, winter prep and primary programs: 100% U.S. College admission, CEEB, Advanced Placement program, limited enrollment. Butler Institute, Vallarta 1245, Guadalajara, Mexico.

AIMS-INTERNATIONAL—Ages 15-20. 4 weeks study, 2 travel. 13 programs: languages, English, history. England, France, Switzerland, Spain, Austria, Greece, Israel. Chaperoned. $985. Request student or teacher materials. 1700 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20006.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . 12th year. Students Abroad, G Lange, Director, 200 East End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10028. 212-EN 9-1395.

ANTHROPOLOGIST will take students 14-18 on studytour nontourist Mexico. 5th year. Box 604, Bridgeton, Missouri 63042.

COLLEGE STUDENTS: France, $540, 6 weeks. Includes: Transportation, tuition, room and board at University Grenoble, St. Malo, La Rochelle, Tours, La Sorbonne for 4 weeks. 2 weeks free. June 29th-August 14th. Write: World Youth Culture, Inc., Box 71, New Canaan, Connecticut 06840.

GUATEMALA—Six weeks beginning June 23rd. Courses in English and Spanish. Write Warren Beck, California State College, Fullerton, California 92631.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 67)

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TRAVEL

IF I WERE A BUNNY—I would put all my eggs in one basket—don my pink bonnet and hop out to the Hither Hills of Montauk where the Inn People at no time leave a hare unturned to make life a never-ending Easter Parade—Gurney's Inn, where the 101 souls in all their finery are always hatching up new ways to pamper you. Call or write Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn—Oceanfront Cottages & Hostelry, "On the Brink O' the Beach," at Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954. 516-668-2345. Open All Year.

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Give them this day their daily bread.

Think of the last time that *you* were hungry. Really hungry. Was it because dinner was late? Or because you missed a lunch?

Can you imagine what it is to go through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry? Subsisting day after day on a few greens around noon... and some pinto beans in the evening? Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible. And it is incredible. Because it's taking place right now... in the midst of the good life so many of us are now living in America.

But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers ... and their children... with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have *no* income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has begun a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you. And may *your* next meal be a little more enjoyable.

NAACP MISSISSIPPI EMERGENCY RELIEF, DEPT. B2, BOX 121, RADIO CITY STA., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
(A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax-deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1825

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Destitution.	3 12 24 75 90 95
B. The dart of an egg-and-dart molding.	96 110 115 121 126 169 177 7 52
C. Cater basely.	92 103 107 136 138 155
D. Seat of both Roman Catholic and Protestant archbishoprics, Northern Ireland.	160 166 181 13 25 28
E. Trim; urbane.	69 119 131 137 158 163
F. Repugnant.	188 32 35 57 179 14 82
G. Red Norvo's forte.	140 191 11 29 102
H. Curse.	120 143 156 171 182 5 49 60 78 132 152
I. Possessed of learning.	19 34 87 100 109 135 141 145
J. 12th-cent. romance by Chrétien de Troyes.	167 33 50 48 76
K. King of Wessex from 871 to 899; youngest son of Aethelwulf.	91 122 183 195 4 66
L. Coypu fur.	77 83 111 178 6 65
M. Atka mackerel.	10 37 130 149 185 56 17 23 118 129
N. Tremble with excitement or the like.	187 68 86 114 124 146 184
O. Atlas' daughters who guarded the golden apples.	36 58 125 133 151 22 40 105 113 142
P. Important features of most reference works.	16 47 108 127 153 165 175
Q. Vague.	192 196 81 180 8 67 18 20
R. Plundered of contents.	45 106 194 27 123 150
S. Flat gemstone with a smooth depression.	97 61 64 164 197 1
T. Greek leader at Troy.	154 80 174 186 193 63 41 148 161
U. Hamlet to Claudius.	99 116 21 88 93 168
V. Snafu.	112 134 30 70 98 44 157
W. English inventor (1732-92); he invented a machine for spinning, the "water frame."	55 72 59 85 74 43 147 94 128
X. River of North Carolina and South Carolina flowing into Winyah Bay (2 wds.)	190 39 62 162 71 84
Y. Grandson of Aaron: symbol of holy indignation (Num. 25).	176 101 46 51 73 31 139 2
Z. Perpetual; wearisome; tedious.	189 42 172 38 9 144 26 15 53 79 89
Z¹. Modernity.	54 170 173 104 117 159 198

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 S	2 Y	3 A	4 K	5 H	6 L	7 B	8 Q	9 Z	10 M		11 G	12 A	13 D	14 F	15 Z
16 P	17 M	18 Q	19 I		20 Q	21 U	22 O	23 M	24 A	25 D	26 Z		27 R	28 D	29 G	30 V
	31 Y	32 F	33 J	34 I		35 F	36 O	37 M	38 Z	39 X		40 O	41 T		42 Z	43 W
44 V	45 R	46 Y	47 P	48 J	49 H		50 J	51 Y	52 B		53 Z	54 Z¹		55 W		56 M
57 F	58 O	59 W		60 H	61 S	62 X		63 T	64 S	65 L	66 K	67 Q	68 N	69 E		70 V
71 X	72 W	73 Y		74 W	75 A	76 J	77 L	78 H	79 Z	80 T		81 Q	82 F	83 L	84 X	
85 W	86 N	87 I	88 U		89 Z	90 A	91 K	92 C	93 U		94 W	95 A	96 B	97 S	98 V	99 U
100 I	101 Y	102 G		103 C	104 Z¹	105 O		106 R	107 C	108 P	109 I	110 B		111 L	112 V	113 O
	114 N	115 B	116 U	117 Z¹	118 M		119 E	120 H	121 B	122 K	123 R	124 N	125 O		126 B	127 P
128 W	129 M		130 M	131 E	132 H	133 O	134 V	135 I	136 C		137 E	138 C	139 Y	140 G	141 I	142 O
	143 H	144 Z	145 I	146 N		147 W	148 T	149 M	150 R	151 O	152 H		153 P	154 T	155 C	156 H
157 V	158 E	159 Z¹		160 D	161 T	162 X		163 E	164 S	165 P	166 D	167 J	168 U	169 B	170 Z¹	171 H
172 Z		173 Z¹	174 T	175 P		176 Y	177 B	178 L	179 F	180 Q	181 D	182 H		183 K	184 N	185 M
186 T		187 N	188 F	189 Z		190 X	191 G	192 Q	193 T		194 R	195 K	196 Q	197 S	198 Z¹	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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The miracle of the lox that flies.

Winging mightily aloft at 30,000 feet, soars the mighty lox.

You've never seen a flying lox?

Aha! That's because the lox flies inside a bagel. And because the bagel flies inside an El Al jet.

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Lox, for those of you who don't know, is simply smoked salmon. And this summer, you'll have 26 chances a week to try it. Because there are 26 El Al flights every week from New York to Tel Aviv via London or Paris or Geneva or Rome or Athens. Seven of them go to Tel Aviv via noplace—they're non-stop.

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Believe us, you'll keep busy.

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So what'll it be? Fly El Al and eat your head off?

Or fly some other way and eat your heart out?

EL AL

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